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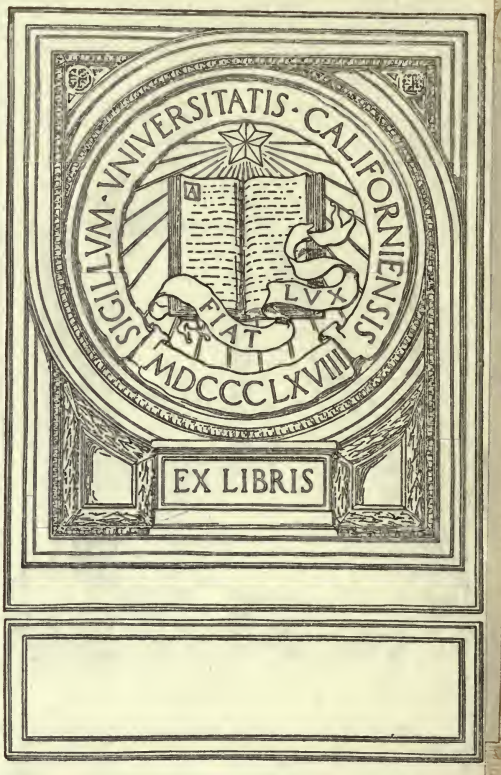
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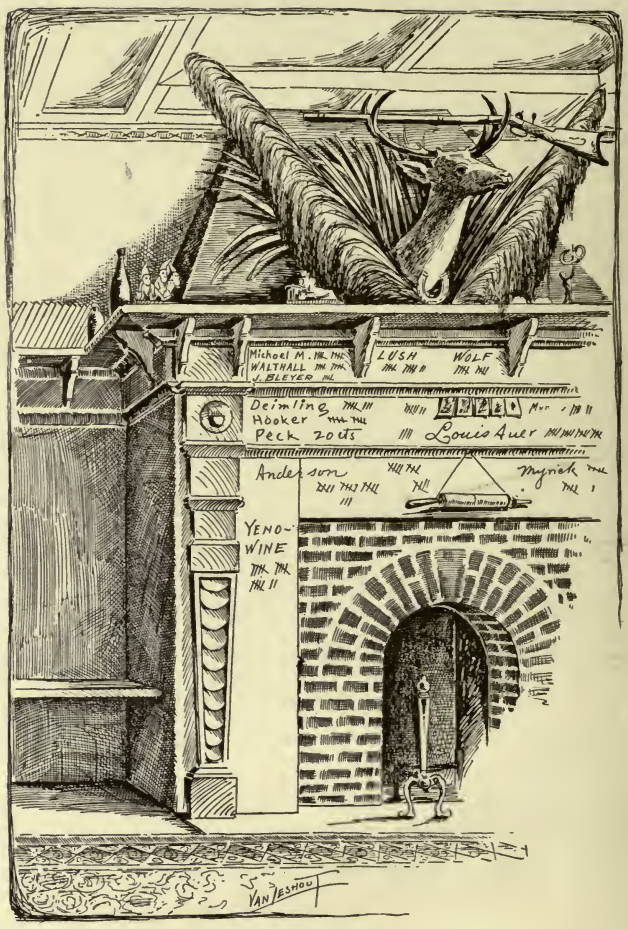

THE OLD FIREPLACE.

Milwaukee

Press Club Book.

Published by the Milwaukee Press Club.
1895.

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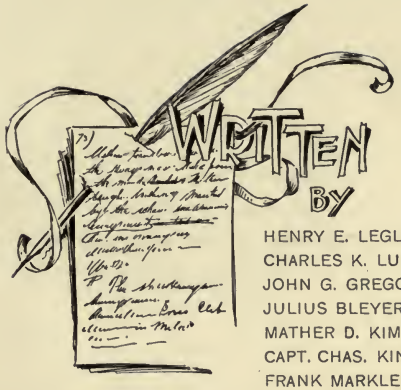
Press of
The Evening Wisconsin Company.



HENRY E. LEGLER
CHARLES K. LUSH
JOHN G. GREGORY
JULIUS BLEYER
MATHER D. KIMBALL
CAPT. CHAS. KING, U. S. A.
FRANK MARKLE
H. G. UNDERWOOD.

Edited by
Charles K. Lush,
W. T. Walthall, Jr.

This Book is not Dedicated to
anyone, but if it were
the name of Chas. A. Dana would
appear upon this Page.

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FOUR newspaper men cautiously felt their way down the dark back stairway of the old Sentinel building at 3 o'clock in the morning, November 1, 1885. In those days the front door was locked at midnight, and there was no elevator. In the cellars of the Sentinel, Herold and Seebote the presses were clanking away, turning out the usual assortment of puffs, libels and uncolored truths. "Thirty" had been called twenty minutes before, and the quartette hurried down Newspaper Row, turned on East Water Street and headed for an all-night chop-house half-way down the block. As they munched their ham sandwiches and washed them down with the foaming brew indigenous to Milwaukee, the grain was planted that germinated and grew into a Milwaukee Press Club. It seemed a Herculean task to band the boys together in the year 1885, for strained relations then existed (now happily altered) between workers employed on the one paper and "the fellows on the other sheets." It must be admitted that ten years ago there was not the spirit of comradery that prevails to-day among the newspaper men of the city—whether of high or low degree. Reporters on one paper regarded those on another as the incarnation of all that was unprofessional. It was suspected that among those higher in authority there was cherished a feeling for contemporaries that ached to find vent in personal peppery editorials. Archie Foster's suggestion seemed impossible of realization. Only a year or two before a futile attempt had been made in the same direction, the only relics of the Club being an elaborate constitution,

James Langland.

with by-laws, and a vote of thanks from the managers of the Babies' Home, to whom the proceeds of a benefit entertainment were voted when the Club gave up the ghost.

Whether from the cause noted, or because the newspaper men were unusually busy on the 8th of November, 1885, it appears from the minutes of the preliminary meeting held in a room of the Herold building on that day, that but a baker's dozen were present. They were Jas. Langland, Frank Bissinger, Alex. W. Dingwall, James Bannen, Geo. C. Youngs, Henry C. Campbell, Robert Strong, E. R. Petherick, Curt M. Treat, W. F. Hooker, Archie Foster, Geo. P. Mathes, Frank Markle and Henry E. Legler. One encouraging feature was that every English daily was represented. A temporary organization was effected, with Curt Treat as chairman, and Robert Strong as secretary, and everybody present was put on the assignment book to hustle for members.

And they did. The growth of the Club was rapid, and the Milwaukee Press Club to-day is one of the most flourishing in the country. By bringing the members of the profession together socially, the asperities of business competition have been confined to business hours and business places, and the younger members of the press gang have come to realize that there are a lot of jolly good fellows working on papers other than the ones for which they scratch for a living. The unique rooms occupied by the lub are the delight of all the Bohemians from abroad who have visited them, the public entertainments are social events; and the influence of the Club outside its own membership has been to elevate newspaper men and their work in the estimation of the community.

It has become the unwritten law of the Club to elect its officers—from president down—from among the younger active workers on the press, and this rule was suspended but once.

The first election was held November 15, 1885, and resulted as follows:

President—JAMES LANGLAND.

First Vice-President—GEO. C. YOUNGS.

Second Vice-President—HERMAN BRAUN.

Secretary—JERRE C. MURPHY.

Treasurer—ALEX. W. DINGWALL.

Executive Committee—H. P. MYRICK, L. W. NIEMAN, HERMAN BLEYER, FRANK BISSINGER, C. M. TREAT.

The offices were thus distributed with geometrical precision so as to give the different papers representation. That was ten years ago, of course. In recent elections, the disposition has been on the part of the men on one paper to elect as officers representatives from the other papers in preference to their own co-workers—just to show that there are no hard feelings.

Jerre Murphy notified the Club at its next meeting that he must decline the honor accorded him, and Henry C. Campbell was chosen Secretary in his place.

The first entertainment was given at the old Academy, December 9, 1885. It is remembered to this day as something unique in that line. The programme lasted, with the numerous encores, till past midnight, and the audience remained in their seats till the end, and seemed loath to go even then. It was the first and last time in the history of Milwaukee theaters that some of the best known people of the city sat contentedly (or otherwise) in the back row of the top gallery. The sale of tickets was so unusual that it would have been necessary to enlarge the theater to accommodate all who wanted to go. Tickets were 50 cents a piece, and on the programme were such attractions as Abbie Carrington, Thomas W. Keene and a long list of others.

J. A. Watrous.

H. P. Myrick.

The rush to secure good seats was immense. When the box office opened, there was a line of men and boys in waiting that reached a block and a half away, and some of them had been waiting since midnight. The financial result of the entertainment is shown by the records to have been as follows:

Gross receipts, -	$982 75
Expenses, - -	85 50
Profits, - -	$897 25

A suite of rooms was secured on the second floor of the Herold building. W. W. Coleman, proprietor, signified his sympathy with the boys by offering to pay an annual membership fee of $100. Up to this time the membership qualification was applied strictly to the newspaper men gaining a livelihood by means of newspaper work. It was apparent that to draw such a close line meant the exclusion of a desirable class of membership comprising well-known ex-newspaper men, and those intimately associated with the various phases of newspaperdom, though not dependent upon that work for their daily bread. As the spirit of good-fellowship in the Club began to expand the constitution was amended so as to include among those eligible to membership a new class to be known as "Associate Members," "to consist of editors of newspapers in the State of Wisconsin, persons formerly connected with newspapers and occasional correspondents." Associate members are entitled to all the privileges enjoyed by active members (including payment of initiation fees and dues) except voting and holding office.

January 3, 1886, the board of officers was unanimously re-elected, W. J. Anderson being chosen to fill a vacancy on the Executive Board. During this administration the Club indulged in the luxury of a pool and billiard table, the plan being to pay for it from the proceeds of the fee charged players. It became an unwritten rule that the loser should pay

five cents per game for each cue in action, and thus the poorest players paid the lion's share towards the purchase of the table, on the principle that they were paying for their experience. Henry Campbell and the writer purchased this experience in the largest quantities.

The second annual election, held January 4, 1887, resulted as follows:

President—JAMES LANGLAND.

First Vice-President—GEO. C. YOUNGS.

Second Vice-President—W. A. BOWDISH.

Secretary—HENRY C. CAMPBELL.

Financial Secretary—JAS. BANNEN.

Treasurer—ALEX. W. DINGWALL.

Executive Committee—GEO. H. YENOWINE, HERMAN BLEYER, H. P. MYRICK, W. J. ANDERSON and GEO. P. MATHES.

In April following, Geo. C. Youngs and Henry C. Campbell purchased the Florence News, and their departure from Milwaukee necessitated their resignations. Thereupon Julius Bleyer was chosen First Vice-President and Chase S. Osborn Secretary.

The first spirited contest for the presidency occurred at the succeeding annual election, several ballots being required to determine:

President—JEROME A. WATROUS.

First Vice-President—JULIUS BLEYER.

Second Vice-President—HENRY E. LEGLER.

Secretary—W. A. BOWDISH.

Treasurer—A. W. FRIESE.

Executive Committee—JAMES LANGLAND, W. J. ANDERSON, GEO. P. MATHES, GEO. H. YENOWINE and C. M. TREAT.

There was another warm contest for President at the next an-

Geo. H. Yenowine.

Herman Bleyer.

nual election, January 3, 1889. Five ballots were taken before a choice was declared:

President—H. P. Myrick.

First Vice-President—Geo. H. Yenowine.

Second Vice-President—Edgar W. Coleman.

Secretary—W. A. Bowdish.

Treasurer—Henry C. Campbell.

Executive Committee—Chas. K. Lush, M. A. Aldrich, Herman Bleyer, J. A. Watrous, E. W. Krackowizer.

This year a new constitution was adopted, after the model of the Chicago Press Club's constitution, and the provisions of this document obtain now. The purpose of the Club, as stated therein, is "to bring members of the newspaper and literary professions together in closer personal relations, to further good-fellowship and to provide members with comfortable Club rooms."

January 8, 1890, occurred the fifth annual election. President Myrick was presented with a diamond scarf-pin and re-elected, the officers for the ensuing year being chosen as follows:

President—H. P. Myrick.

First Vice-President—Geo. H. Yenowine.

Second Vice-President—E. W. Coleman.

Secretary—Fred. F. Heath.

Treasurer—A. W. Dingwall.

Executive Committee—H. P. Myrick, Geo. H. Yenowine, Herman Bleyer, C. K. Lush, Jas. Bannen, Geo. W. Peck, Jr., W. J. Pohl.

Fred. Heath resigned as Secretary, after serving four months. His successor was M. E. McIntosh.

In January, 1891, the following officers were chosen:

President—GEO. H. YENOWINE.

First Vice-President—E. W. COLEMAN.

Second Vice-President—HERMAN BLEYER.

Secretary—M. E. MCINTOSH.

Treasurer—A. W. DINGWALL.

Executive Committee—GEO. H. YENOWINE, C. K. LUSH, JULIUS BLEYER, L. W. NIEMAN, GEO. W. PECK, JR., JOHN R. WOLF, GEO. CLEMENT.

At the annual election in January, 1892, the election resulted as follows:

President—JAMES BANNEN.

First Vice-President—W. A. BOWDISH.

Second Vice-President—W. J. POHL.

Secretary—F. F. HEATH.

Treasurer—A. G. WRIGHT.

Directors—H. P. MYRICK, M. E. MCINTOSH, C. K. LUSH, JULIUS BLEYER, GEO. W. PECK, JR., JOHN R. WOLF.

Succeeding elections up to date have resulted in the following official boards:

JANUARY, 1893.

President—HERMAN BLEYER.

First Vice-President—WM. J. POHL.

Second Vice-President—CHAS. W. EMERSON.

Secretary—RICHARD B. WATROUS.

Treasurer—A. G. WRIGHT.

Directors—GEO. H. YENOWINE, W. F. HOOKER, and old members.

JANUARY, 1894.

President—WILLIAM A. RUBLEE.

First Vice-President—M. A. HOYT.

Second Vice-President—C. W. EMERSON.

Secretary—J. D. MCMANUS.

Treasurer—A. G. WRIGHT.

Wm. A. Rublee.

Julius Bleyer.

JANUARY, 1895.

President—JULIUS BLEYER.

First Vice-President—WM. F. HOOKER.

Second Vice-President—JOHN R. WOLF.

Secretary—WM. DUNLOP.

Treasurer—A. G. WRIGHT.

Directors for Three Years—J. D. MCMANUS and CHAS. W. EMERSON.

With the restlessness appertaining to newspaperdom, the Club has not been content to anchor in one spot. From the Herold building, the Club went into very pleasant rooms in the Evening Wisconsin building. A policy of retrenchment caused a second removal, the fourth story of the Bradford building on Broadway being leased. The lack of an elevator proved too discouraging to the members, and the Club languished until the quarters were moved to the Commercial Club building on Grand Avenue, near Second Street. The decadence of the Commercial had a dispiriting effect on the Press Club, whose members had enjoyed the privileges of the restaurant maintained by the former. A happy inspiration suggested the occupancy of the present abode on the corner of Broadway and Mason, across the street from the first quarters occupied by the Club. A rusty sign that creaks in the austral breeze points the way up two flights of stairs to the most Bohemian newspaper men's domicile to be found in the country. But of this others will speak.

Swell dinners and receptions and Bohemian lunches and gatherings have punctuated the career of the Club, the one as enjoyable as the other. A list of the former would include receptions given to Justin McCarthy, Mrs. Frank Leslie, George Kennan, and others; a dinner in honor of Max O'Rell, and a farewell dinner to Walter E. Gardner, Consul to Rotterdam, given conjointly to James Langland on his departure to

Chicago; a $2,000 banquet given to the Foreign World's Fair journalists; a farewell banquet to W. J. Anderson, Gov. Upham's secretary, with two or three other similar affairs. In this connection may be mentioned an elegant banquet at the Schlitz, enjoyed by the Club, as guests of E. W. Coleman, in 1889, and a fine supper given by Consul Gardner on his return from Holland.

The Bohemian lunches of the Club have been numerous and enjoyable. One that marked a red-letter night took place on the occasion of the occupancy of the present quarters, when a delegation of Chicago newspaper men participated in the "Stag Party." Other events that were thoroughly enjoyed comprise Charlie Lush's shoat supper, Ed. Loewe's bean soup reception, the sour goose night at which Lando was presiding genius, Julius Bleyer's Easter egg festival, the Benjamin Franklin Anniversary celebrations, Henry Campbell's tenderloin masticating exhibition, the jovial gatherings in which have participated at different times Sol Smith Russell, F. Hopkinson-Smith, Henry Watterson, Trentanove, Nelly Bly and others; a reception given Louis Auer, Chas. King, Frank Hoyt and Geo. Peck, Jr., on their return from a European trip; last, but not least, the annual outings at Louis Auer's on Lake Pewaukee, rich in all that is picturesque and unconventional.

Newspaper men from outside have always found the latchstring convenient on the outer panel. On the occasion of conventions and national gatherings, such as the Sængerfest, Grand Army of the Republic meeting and National Pythian Conclave, visiting newspaper men were made to feel at home and every facility was extended to aid them in their work.

These are but the bare outlines of the Club's history, told without adornment. Its real history exists in the incidents and the associations which have created for each member a history for himself—a history made up of good-fellowship and pleasant recollections. This history each member will read for himself between the lines.

HENRY E. LEGLER.

LEIDEN

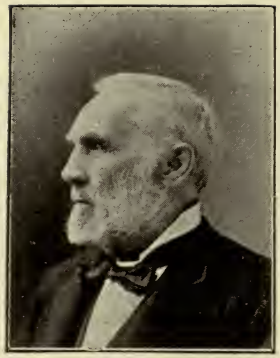
The Club at Home.

THE CLUB AT HOME.

THE rooms of the Club are on the top floor of the ancient three-story brick building at the northwest corner of Mason Street and Broadway, and they can be reached only by means of an outside stairway, which is enclosed in a cigar-box sort of a covering. Just outside this entrance hangs the Club sign, a reproduction of which will be found in these pages. It is of iron, the lettering in brass and the border composed of copper one-cent pieces, and it was presented to the Club by Frank A. Hall, of this city. It had hung for two years, creaking through all sorts of weather, until one day last winter it was missing. Immediately there was great consternation in the Club, and the rumor was that some enterprising hobo had made off with it for the money in the border. Volunteers at once went to work to obtain a clew, if possible, and in the midst of the excitement in walked "Van." "I guess I know where it is," he said. "Frank Hall met me a few days ago and stopping me, suggested that it would be a good thing to take it down and clean it up a trifle. He said it was rusty. I didn't say anything at all."

"Gentlemen," said one of the members solemnly, "we have lost something that no amount of money can buy back—the rust of ages. But there is no use of crying over the matter, and all we can do is to let the sign start in again to grow old with us." And so the sign came back, all polished up, with the pennies new and bright again,

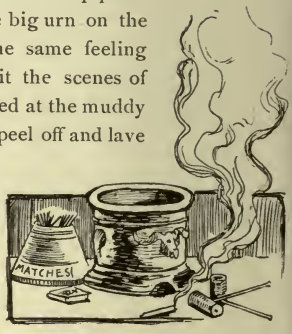
Horace Rublee.



Wm. E. Cramer.

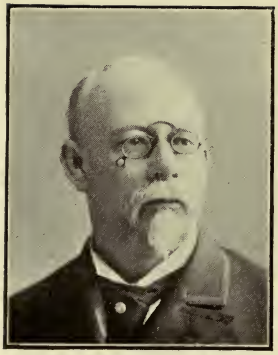
and Mr. Hall received a letter thanking him for his kindness—but every now and then, in the dark of the moon, a member sneaks down and douses that sign with a cup of water and, thanks to the laws of decay, the rust is coming back again. The stairway that leads up into the Club rooms are steep and the passage is dark and dingy, so much so that a member who had just escorted Eugene Field up into the rooms felt called upon to say: "Our stairway is pretty tough, Mr. Field, but we are going to paint it in a few days." "Paint it?" exclaimed the poet. "Why, what you want is cobwebs, not paint. Never touch it; its lovely as it is now."

A detailed description of the rooms and their decorations would make dry reading at the best, and be superfluous, in consideration of the fact that they are so well reproduced in this book by means of pen-and-ink drawings and half-tones. But there is something that neither the artist's pencil nor the camera can catch, and that is the atmosphere that clings about these old rooms, an atmosphere of good-fellowship and Bohemianism that makes a guest feel like taking off his coat, tossing his feet up on a chair and helping himself to a pipeful of the tobacco that can always be found in the big urn on the center-table of the lounging room. It is the same feeling that comes over the man who returns to visit the scenes of his boyhood days, and what man has ever looked at the muddy old "swimmin' hole" and not felt a desire to peel off and lave in its murky waters again? And if you don't believe that the Milwaukee Press Club's rooms take a fellow back to the days when he used to "do the local," "cover the night police" or "jeff for the beer" at five in the morning, why, ask Henry Watterson, Moses



P. Handy, Eugene Field, Opie Read, Julian Ralph and scores of others who have been there and who will bear me out in what I say. And men who have never been in active newspaper work but who have that old spirit of I don't know what, men like F. Hopkinson-Smith and Leigh Lynch (Lynch couldn't stay away after I had cooked one meal for him and passed the roll of honor), just speak to a man of this type and they will maintain that "it" is there, and whatever "it" may mean it covers it, and that is all there is to it.

Nobody knows exactly how the Club rooms came to be as they are now, and certain it is that they were not made that way by any one man, or any lot of men working with any defined object. The most plausible theory is that they grew that way, growing day by day, the walls gathering now and then the inspiration of a Club member or the contribution of some friend and guest, while the atoms of dust put the dull fresco of age on the whole with never-ceasing industry. In the earlier days of the Club's occupancy of the rooms it was the custom to keep the individual accounts with the purveyor in the basement on the fire-place with a bit of chalk, and while all these accounts have either been liquidated or outlawed they still remain as a reminiscence of some jolly moments, and they bid in time to become of some historical value, in view of the fact that some of the men whose names now stand out in chalk have grown exceedingly sedate and proper. One of the most highly valued features of the rooms is a large charcoal sketch by Charles Graham, staff artist of Harper's Weekly, entitled "A Wisconsin Scene." It was drawn on the occasion of the opening of the rooms when Mr. Graham and "Biff" Hall came up to assist in the ceremonies, and Graham began to draw the picture at exactly 11 o'clock in the evening, and ten minutes and



Geo. W. Peck.

thirty seconds later it was finished. Mr. Graham had traveled right with the band-wagon up to the time of starting in to draw the picture, and the result of his efforts were none the less surprising to him the next day than they were to the large company that saw him make the sketch. It is really a remarkable production, the shading, perspective and general effects being fully up to the standard attained by first-class artists in works requiring as many days to complete as Graham took minutes. A portion of the picture shows in the reproduction of the photograph of the sitting room in this book. Around the walls of the general assemblage room, which is fitted up after the style of an ancient German "Bier Stube," there are inscriptions from men of note, most of them having been left as a pledge of good faith and not for publication. Now, instead of going into details as to the precise contents of this room, which would read very much like the inventory of an artist's studio and a junk shop combined, I submit the following bit of historical work as better calculated to give an idea of the room and what might take place in it:

It was in the small hours at the Press Club on Christmas morn, and the bird in the cuckoo clock had just come out and hoarsely coughed three times. Around a table were seated six men, five of them young, but with that peculiar pallor that comes from midnight toil. The gas jets threw strange shadows in the room, and brought out in bold relief the many queer figures on the walls. On all sides were strange creatures, painted in a curious jumble, monkeys,

birds, devils, ballet dancers, crocodiles, dogs and cats. But the young men confined their attention to a large punch bowl, from which steamed a delightful fragrance.

After the loving cup had made two or three rounds, the young men became talkative and began telling stories, which chiefly related to incidents of the day before, brought about by that cheerful little task of preparing a Christmas number for the delectation of thousands of readers of the Sentinel.

"I am so full of Christmas carols and Christmas chimes that I can hardly move without jingling. I have had wheels in my head, but now I have bells," said the sporting editor.

"Pshaw!" said the man on the police run. "That's nothing. I started that stabbing fray in the nigger quarter to-night by saying: 'And the Star of Bethlehem shone in the Northern sky.' I started in again, but before I knew it, I was once more giving a Christmas carol tone to my stuff."

"Its awful," chimed in the court-house reporter. "I got my Christmas story mixed up with Porth and his assistant postmaster, and you can bet I had a harder job unravelling it than he had straightening out matters."

"To sum it all up," said the fourth young man, "we get the long end all the time. On the Fourth of July, when everybody else is out celebrating the day of American Independence, we poor slaves have to hustle harder than ever, telling all about how other people are enjoying themselves and taking a day off for patriotism. Then there's Decoration Day with

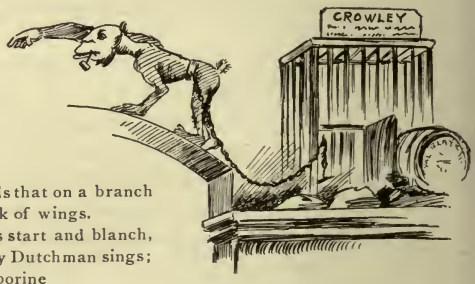
C. W. Emerson.

A. J. Aikens.

half a dozen bicycle races, games and flower services to report. You bet on Decoration Day I am one of the real, genuine mourners for the distinguished dead and wish that they hadn't ever died. But Christmas Day is the hardest bump of all. We have to sit around and write about Christmas trees when we haven't seen one for ten years, and to tell about joy and mirth and chase around all day after sermons and Sunday-school festivals, to be followed in the evening by a carnival of Christmas murders and stabbing affrays. I tell you, it's tough. But somebody pass that punch again."

"Yes," said the sporting editor. "This is a hot place for a fellow to feel cheerful in, with crooked monkeys, red-faced devils, and a blamed Hottentot glaring at you from the walls. It's enough to give a fellow the side jumps."

"I had just been thinking about that," said a quiet little fellow who hadn't taken a part in the conversation, "and here's a stumbling sonnet that I have scribbled off as a sort of commemorative Christmas nightmare." And here he read the following:



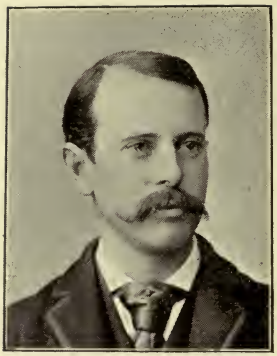
Queer monkeys climb about the dingy walls
And fraternize with queerer-looking men;
A dog upon a raging kitten calls,
While gnomes exult at freedom from the den
And guy strange, wingless birds that on a branch
Do sit, too careless of the lack of wings.
Fierce, masky demons make us start and blanch,
And here, full-beered, a happy Dutchman sings;
A blooming savage with a tamborine
Invites to dance a wretched crocodile.
The place is kin to Goethe's Brocken scene,
Where virgins frown and ballet dancers smile.
In all we see the raging mental storm
Which seeks expression in a grotesque form.

The production was greeted with applause, and the sporting editor said:

"That's a hot tamale, Scudday, and just to show our appreciation of it, we will drink to the health of the poet," with which he solemnly filled up the loving cup with hot punch and passed it around. The cup made other trips, and soon dull care and melancholy gave place to song and laughter. Just how many times the steaming concoction passed from lip to lip nobody ever knew, but suddenly the sporting editor jumped up and exclaimed wildly:

"Get on to that! His geeser, the Hottentot, has got a mash on the Lily Clay soubrette." And then they all started up, and, sure enough, there were the Hottentot and the ballet girl waltzing on the wall, and the curious part of it was that nobody felt any surprise, and when a gnome slipped down from the limb, upon which he had been perched in the pleasant task of guying two birds, and came in and sat down on the table by the punch, he was greeted with open arms and presented with a hummer. Then somebody looked in the other room, and noticed that the entire menagerie was in an uproar. The wingless birds were sputtering and walking about, the crocodile and the monkey were playing a game of seven-up, and the stork had left the baby in charge of the weiner-wurst man and was capering gayly; the ballet dancer and the Hottentot were having a tête-à-tête, and over in a corner the trained dog was showing his ingenuity by telling the difference between a pretzel and a rocking chair. All of a sudden the Hottentot arose and, shaking his tamborine to impose silence,

M. A. Hoyt.



Chas. K. Lush.

announced that the performance would begin. And such a performance as it was. Never before was there such variety, such wit, such humor, such exhibitions of agility as were shown by this wonderful collection in the Press Club menagerie. But suddenly, while the fun was at its height, a pale-faced man stood in the midst of them.

"Santa Claus!" shouted the sporting editor, familiarly, although the new comer didn't look a bit like old Santa. "Come sit down, Santa, and don't interrupt the performance."

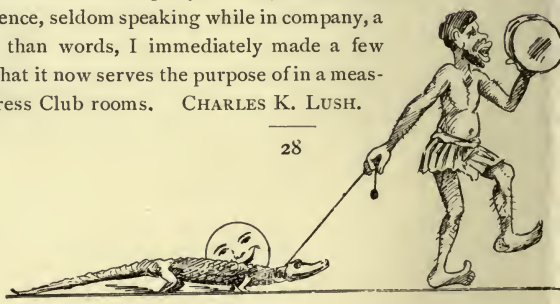
But the damage had been done, for, quick as a flash, every performer was back in the old place on the wall—the Hottentot with his tamborine poised in the air, the crocodile still in bondage, the baby ready to drop from the stork's bill, and the beautiful lady dancer with her painted smile. Santa Claus didn't speak for a few minutes, and as the revelers looked at his face it seemed to grow more and more familiar. Finally he said, speaking in a mild and even tone:

"What, what! Don't you boys think it's about time to go to bed? It's about six o'clock now, and there's a lot of work to-morrow."

At the sound of his voice, everybody woke up, and began looking for overcoat and hat, and in a twinkling they were tumbling down the stairs. When they had gone, Santa Claus took a seat near the punch bowl, heaved a sigh and said: "Well, I don't blame them. They have had a hard week."

Then the managing editor took a willy himself and went home to bed.

And being the sixth member of the party, much given as I am to observation and silence, seldom speaking while in company, a man of action rather than words, I immediately made a few notes, and thus it is that it now serves the purpose of in a measure describing the Press Club rooms. CHARLES K. LUSH.



The Press—
Past and Present.

THE PRESS PAST AND PRESENT.

EVERYONE who knew that patriarch, Elisha Starr, has heard him tell that when a printer's apprentice he shook hands with Lafayette, at Canandaigua, New York, in the year 1824. The old fellow was a publisher rather than an editor, and talked more entertainingly than he wrote. He always embellished this anecdote with a vivid picture of the gathering at night, in front of the hero's hotel, where a man stood holding up a lantern so that everyone might see the face of the distinguished guest. What a contrast between that primitive illumination and the splendor of the electric lamps in front of the Pfister, which make the street at midnight as light as day! Scientific and mechanical progress has been the marvel of the age; but in nothing else has it wrought its revolutionary wonders so astonishingly as in the making of the newspaper. The Art Preservative, as Elisha Starr learned it, preserved much, but failed to preserve itself. The printing office with which he was familiar is as distinctively of the past as the lantern with its tallow candle by whose feeble beam the crowd of Canandaiguans studied the features of their friend from France. News comes by wire, instead of by boat or post. Even the types and the type-setter are hastening into the desuetude of the platen press. Yet one factor in the making of the newspaper has survived the sport of change—the editor. When we

John G. Gregory.

F. W. Friese.

study the files of the Milwaukee newspapers of twenty, thirty, forty and fifty years ago, remembering the limitations under which he wrought, the work of the editor commands our unqualified respect. It is fitting that a volume issued under the auspices of the Milwaukee Press Club should contain a word in recognition of the old-time editors.

One of the earliest of Milwaukee's editors, Harrison Reed, who was in charge of the Sentinel from February 6, 1838, till May 27, 1842, is still in the land of the living. He conducted the paper at a time when the duties of its editor-in-chief had a more expansive scope than now. Besides writing leading articles, he "hustled" for news and for advertising, and in his leisure moments he set type and worked the press. Mr. Reed has held the office of Governor of Florida, and is a resident of that State at the present time.

J. A. Brown, who during the early '40's edited the Courier, now the Wisconsin, was as eager to "scoop" his rivals as any newspaper man of the present day. The story of the race which he ran from Chicago, against John S. Fillmore of the Sentinel, to give the readers of the Courier the full text of the President's Message of December, 1845, in advance of all competitors, has been told so frequently and so graphically that it need not be repeated here.

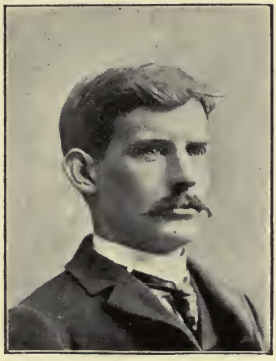
J. A. Noonan was the owner of the Courier for several years, and its editor for a time. He was a factor in politics, and was the first Milwaukee editor whose services were rewarded with a postmastership. The postmaster whom he superseded, moreover, was none other than Solomon Juneau.

David M. Keeler and C. L. McArthur made the Sentinel a daily newspaper in December, 1844—Milwaukee's first daily.

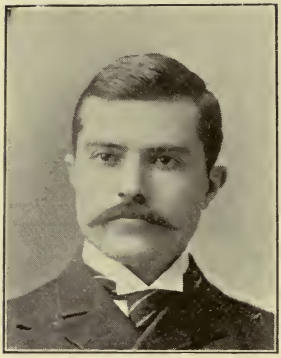
Their names deserve preservation, though their experiment was only an artistic, not a financial success.

Rufus King was editor of the Sentinel from September 20, 1845, to April 12, 1861. His name is brilliantly associated with the struggle of Milwaukee to emerge from villagehood into cityhood. Few men have lived here whose public activities were more various than his. Member of the Constitutional Convention, captain of a volunteer fire company, major-general of militia, organizer of the city's first public library, vice-president of the Musical Society, superintendent of schools—these were some of the responsibilities which he assumed in addition to that of editor of the Sentinel. He did not make a fortune, but he helped to make a metropolis. He left Milwaukee with a commission from President Lincoln as Minister to Rome. Relinquishing that honor to come back and wield his sword for his country, he rendered gallant service in the field during the war, and died in 1867. His son, Adjt.-Gen. Charles King, inherited his father's pen as well as his sword, and is a member of the Press Club who sheds literary luster upon its name.

S. M. Booth cannot be overlooked in writing of Milwaukee editors. He was a man of tireless energy, who wrote in a highly colored, passionate style, that commanded attention, and who made it his business to keep the community in hot water. His identification with the anti-slavery cause in the period of its infancy, and particularly the leading part which he bore in the Glover rescue, will surround him with a glamour in history. He demonstrated ability in money-getting as well as in championing the cause of reform. He was not exempt from human frailties. But he made what even the critics of to-day would call a "rattling" paper. He also made Milwaukee too hot to hold him. For many



W. T. Walthall, Jr.



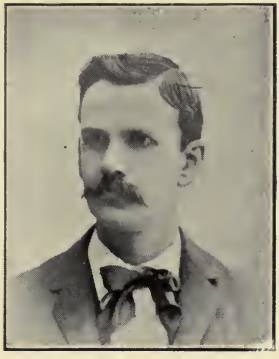
H. E. Legler.

years Mr. Booth has been a resident of Chicago.

No man in Wisconsin, and probably no man in the United States, has passed so many consecutive years in the active editorship of a daily newspaper as William E. Cramer. He wrote editorials for the Albany Argus under Edwin Crosswell, during the reign of "the Regency," and gained political wisdom from intimate association with William L. Marcy and Silas Wright. Coming to Milwaukee in June, 1847, he purchased the oldest newspaper plant in the city, that of the Courier, which had been founded on the Advertiser, started in 1836. He changed its name to the Wisconsin, and under his editorship it has flourished from that day to this. Despite his infirmities of sight and hearing, he has kept in constant touch with men and affairs, and has been a power in the politics and the progress of the city and the State. One of the few occasions on which he has left his editorial chair to go to Madison for the purpose of exerting personal influence upon members of the Legislature was in 1869, when, with A. M. Thomson, then editor of the Janesville Gazette, and Speaker of the Assembly, he was instrumental in bringing about the coup which dashed the plans of the professional politicians and sent the brilliant Matt. H. Carpenter to represent Wisconsin in the United States Senate. To-day, at 78 years of age, he is still in the harness, and no one who knows him believes that he will stop writing until he stops living, for his active spirit and his alert and cheerful interest in the world and its work give not the slightest intimation of abatement. A man of comfortable means, he has always preached the gospel of giving, and, with a consistency that preachers sometimes lack, he has incited rich men to be generous not less by his example than by his words.

When Horace Rublee came to Milwaukee in 1881, and founded the Republican and News, which finally absorbed the Sentinel, he had won the degree of past master of the editorial art. The greater part of his newspaper work had been accomplished as editor of the Madison State Journal. He had spent several years in the post of Minister to Switzerland, and as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee had successfully directed the famous honest money campaign of 1877. If ever a compiler of English literature seeks material in the files of Milwaukee newspapers, he will clip copiously and fearlessly from the writings of Horace Rublee. The iceberg myth that has been associated with Mr. Rublee's name originated, no doubt, in the discriminating judgment with which he selects the objects of his enthusiasms. To schemes which his conscience and his intelligence disapprove his heart is wintry cold, but many are the acts of quiet and friendly encouragement with which he has warmed the atmosphere of the profession for younger men.

A. M. Thomson is a writer of leaders who has been a leader himself. He left farming and school teaching in Ohio, and became active in Milwaukee journalism before the war. In the time of the railroad farm mortgage excitement he published a paper which was the mouthpiece of the five thousand farmers who had pledged their all that Wisconsin might have iron highways of commerce. He was concerned in one of the unsuccessful attempts to revitalize the Milwaukee Free Democrat, but subsequently scored a brilliant success with the Janesville Gazette. Having figured with credit for two terms as Speaker of the Assembly, he came back to the metropolis in 1870, and for several years, as one of the owners and the editor-in-chief of the Sentinel, was a star of prime magnitude in Republican politics. The governorship was



W. F. Hooker.

Francis B. Keene.

at one time seemingly within his reach. Vicissitudes have not broken his spirit, nor soured his temper, nor chilled his interest in life. For many years he has divided his time between the plow and the pen, and when he writes he commands the attention of intelligent readers.

Lewis A. Proctor gave more than twelve years of scholarly and faithful labor to the editorial page of the Wisconsin, before he accepted an appointment on the State Board of Charities and Reforms. Since his retirement from that position he has done editorial work in Chicago. He is at present taking *otium cum dignitate* in Milwaukee.

Sir Walter Raleigh was so proud of his connection with the introduction of the use of tobacco into England, that he caused the device of a pipe to be emblazoned in the armorial bearings displayed on the front of his house. Why, therefore, should not George W. Peck be proud, if he choose, of the fact that he is the only Milwaukee editor, with the exception of P. V. Deuster, whose name has been given to a brand of cigars? He is also the only Milwaukee editor ever elected governor of Wisconsin. As publisher of Peck's Sun, which he removed from La Crosse to this city in 1878, he gained a circulation of 80,000, a national reputation as a humorist, and a bank account which enabled him to live as generously as he pleased and yet lay by thousands for a spell of damp weather. He is "a man who fortune's buffets and rewards has ta'en with equal thanks," and if he had nothing left but a crust of bread, he would sooner share it with some one else than eat it alone.

Col. E. A. Calkins learned the trade of bookbinding with Silas Chapman. Then he became a type-setter. In 1850 S. M. Booth gave him employment as a writer on the Free Democrat, and a writer he has been ever since—a writer who

has written few dull lines. Chicago got him several years ago, as it has got several other conspicuously successful Milwaukee journalists, including 'Raish Seymour. C. B. Harger, for many years connected with the Wisconsin, who established the Milwaukee Globe, a 2-cent morning daily, in October, 1884, and abandoned it in the following month, after a heroic struggle lasting six weeks, is now editing a musical monthly in Chicago. It is recorded to Mr. Harger's credit that though he abandoned his paper he paid his printers.

"Nym Crinkle," otherwise A. C. Wheeler, the sparkling critic of the New York World, was city editor of the Sentinel, circa 1860, and while engaged in that capacity wrote and published his "Chronicles," the first considerable attempt at a history of Milwaukee. Henry A. Chittenden, who has been editorial writer for the New York Herald and Telegram for many years, and is at present connected with the latter paper, was the senior of the dashing group, including the Chittendens, W. H. Bishop, E. B. Northrop and Eugene S. Elliott, which conducted during the '70's that lively Milwaukee daily, the Commercial Times. Bishop stepped from journalism into literature, in the lighter walks of which he has achieved more distinction than any other Milwaukeean with the exception of Capt. King. Northrop drifted into business, and is known in London as well as in this country as the promotor of large enterprises connected with the development of the mineral wealth of the New Northwest. Maj. Jonas M. Bundy, with prestige gained during service on the Wisconsin and the Sentinel during the war time, went to New York, where he became the editor of the Mail and Express, a position which he held till his death, a few years ago. H. N. Cary and Fred F. Burgin are ex-city editors of the Sentinel who are doing well in New York. Dr. J. L. Kaine

M. E. McIntosh.

John R. Wolf.

wrote breezy editorials for the Republican and News and the Sentinel for twenty years before going East in 1893.

Sterling P. Rounds, who afterward held the office of government printer, had a brief newspaper experience in Milwaukee in 1851, as one of the proprietors of the Daily Commercial Advertiser. T. C. Crawford, whilom Washington correspondent and story-writer, and press agent of the Buffalo Bill Wild West aggregation when it astonished Paris in 1889, was once city editor of the old News. "Brick" Pomeroy was also for a time connected with the News. So was John M. Binckley, a gifted man who came here in broken health and spirits after a brilliant newspaper career in Washington, and brought his life to an abrupt close in the waters of Lake Michigan, one winter night in 1878. W. Innes Martin, long identified with journalism in Chicago, St. Louis and St. Paul, did his early work in this city, on the Daily Life, the News and the Sentinel. Judge John R. Sharpstein, who afterward sat upon the bench of the Supreme Court of California, was editor of the News, and stepped from that coign of vantage into the postmastership of Milwaukee, in 1857. C. Latham Sholes, the inventor of the typewriter, was at different times editor of the News and the Sentinel. He was a writer of marked ability. Ex-Mayor John M. Stowell was editor of a literary periodical at St. Louis, before coming to Milwaukee in 1855, and was subsequently a member of the editorial staff of the News. John W. Hinton is one of the oldest living representatives of the men who gathered news in the early days. He was city man on the Sentinel when Rufus King was editor. Subsequently he was city editor of the Wisconsin. In recent years he has written voluminously in defense of the tariff, and has contributed interesting Milwaukee correspondence to the Waukesha Freeman.

The most conspicuous of all the editors of the old News was the late George H. Paul, who was chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee in 1873, when it planned and conducted the startlingly successful campaign which carried the State for William R. Taylor. Mr. Paul's long service as a member of the Board of Regents of the State University began when that institution was little better than a cross-roads academy, and did not close until it had been raised to the first rank among the educational forces of the country. His writings were distinguished by logical and forcible presentation of ideas and by superb literary finish.

George Godfrey's Daily Guide, which lived for several years during the closing '60's and early '70's, was Milwaukee's pioneer cheap daily paper. Mr. Godfrey began his journalistic life as local editor of the Wisconsin, in 1856. Three years later he was commercial editor of the News, and not long after that he established his daily commercial report. In his later years he was concerned in the publication of the Wisconsin Greenbacker and the Daily Signal.

F. W. Friese is one of the men who worked on the Free Democrat. He has been commercial editor and musical critic for the Sentinel for more than thirty years. For many years he was associated with George Godfrey in the ownership of the Milwaukee Daily Commercial Letter, which is now his exclusive property.

The late Col. E. Harrison Cawker was city editor of the News in 1867, and left Milwaukee in charge of a colony for Kansas. Returning to Milwaukee, he founded and conducted for many years, with marked financial success, a monthly trade publication, the United States Miller, which lately became the property of Otis Colburn.

Alexander C. Botkin came to Milwaukee from Madison after

O. E. Remy.

Dan B. Starkey.

graduation from the State University, and worked for the Sentinel until he felt firm on his pinions. Then he entered the service of the Chicago Times. He became editor-in-chief of the Sentinel after the retirement of A. M. Thomson, and held the position for nearly four years, leaving to become United States Marshal for Montana. By a stroke with which he was seized while incumbent of this office Mr. Botkin lost the use of his legs. But he has never lost the use of his head. Fortunate mining investments are understood to have brought him considerable wealth. He is at present Lieutenant-Governor of Montana, with an eye on the United States Senatorship. Frank A. Flower, of the Superior Leader, was editorially connected with the Republican and News and the Wisconsin in the early '80's. Walter E. Gardner was with the Wisconsin as city editor and afterward as editorial writer for many years before his appointment as Consul at Rotterdam under President Harrison. He is now owner and editor of the Green Bay Gazette. Louis Lange, the proprietor and editor of the Fond du Lac Reporter, gained his insight into the mysteries of newspaperdom on the Wisconsin. T. F. Strong, until lately editorial writer for the Reporter, handled telegraph on the Republican and News, and on the old News. Col. Nicholas Smith, editor and part proprietor of the Fond du Lac Commonwealth, was also for a time a newspaper worker in Milwaukee.

Jere. C. Murphy, Deputy Railroad Commissioner, won reputation as a pyrotechnic paragrapher while connected with the Milwaukee press. Chase S. Osborn, proprietor and editor of the Sault Ste. Marie News, and Game Warden of the State of Michigan, and George C. Youngs, of the Florence Mining News, are others who carry certificates of graduation from the school of practical journalism in this city. Gov. Upham's

private secretary, Col. William J. Anderson, was the Milwaukee correspondent of a Chicago paper, as was and is his immediate predecessor, the private secretary of Gov. Peck—Col. G. P. Mathes. Will A. Rublee left the city editorship of the Sentinel to serve his country as Consul at Prague, and came back to write editorials for the Sentinel at the conclusion of his term abroad. Col. M. Almy Aldrich, now editor of the Grand Rapids Democrat, won his newspaper spurs before coming to Milwaukee. He was associated in an editoral capacity with various newspapers in this city, and held a government office during Cleveland's first administration, tendered in recognition of his services to his party. Theron W. Haight, now engaged in the practice of law at Waukesha, was editorial writer for the Sentinel during the regime of N. S. Murphey, and has since contributed to the editorial page of Yenowine's News. He is master of a vigorous and polished literary style, and is remarkably deferential to facts.

C. C. Bowsfield has founded more newspapers than any other man who ever flashed athwart the journalistic horizon of this city. He started the Sunday Telegraph with Col. Calkins, in 1878. At last accounts he was out West.

Col. J. A. Watrous began as a country editor, and worked up. He was a controlling spirit on the Fond du Lac Commonwealth when Fond du Lac was Wisconsin's second city. Coming to Milwaukee, he acquired an interest in the Telegraph, and subsequently became sole owner.

M. A. Hoyt has a head for business as well as for writing. With his partner, W. H. Park, he has built up a daily newspaper property which is valuable *in esse* and *in posse*.

L. W. Nieman came to Milwaukee in 1878, and rapidly worked up from compositor to managing editor of the Sentinel. He is now

Col. W. J. Anderson.

W. L. Dunlop.

the chief owner and editor-in-chief of the Milwaukee Journal.

Henry Bleyer is an old-timer who towers among the newspaper workers of the present like a century-breasting oak. He has lived in Milwaukee since East Water Street ran into a marsh, and his active career as a writer has spanned the life of a generation. Whenever a doubt arises as to a date or a fact in the city's early history, it has only to be referred to him to be resolved. His private collection of documentary material relating to the pioneer history of Milwaukee is the richest in existence, and his personal knowledge of men and events is a store of bullion which ought to be coined into books. Robert B. Johnson, a brilliantly gifted man who lavished a life of early promise, wrote, when a boy in his 'teens, for an amateur publication, a serial story in the style of Oliver Optic, and it was as good as anything that popular author ever produced. He also published a book of ambitious size, "The Art of Rowing in America." He was a reporter for the Wisconsin and the Commercial Times, and was city editor of the Sentinel for a short time in 1882. Bob had a wide acquaintance with books, and a lively fancy and imagination. He disdained the physical exertion of chasing after items in the days when there was scant street-car service and the telephone was unknown. But with his chair tipped back, and his heels on his desk, he would turn out yards of handsome copy with a facility that was remarkable, and it was written in a style that made it very interesting reading, even though it was not news. Will Stapleton was a contemporary of Bob, and in one respect antipodal to him, for Stapleton was never so happy as when exerting himself to get at the bottom facts. When Alec Botkin discovered Stapleton, and invited him to join the city force of the Sentinel, Will was a teacher in the old Engelmann Academy. His first work was on local

specials, and was done with a careful finish that caused the other boys to say that it was magazine writing. Stapleton resented this, and very soon gave proof that he could hunt sensations to their lairs as well as the best of them. When the State Senate was in secret session to receive the report of the special committee on the charges in the impeachment proceedings against Judge Small, Stapleton, hidden under the floor, in the register, got a juicy report, at the imminent peril of his life, for it was a cold day, and the janitor built a fire which nearly roasted him alive. At another time, when Col. Bird and a number of other prominent Democrats held a secret conference in the Plankinton House, Stapleton got onto the ledge of the window of their room, and heard all they said, startling the politicians of the State the next day with a detailed report of the meeting, in the Sentinel. From Milwaukee, Stapleton went to Denver, and became editor of the Rocky Mountain News. He held a lucrative position in the mint. He is still living in Denver.

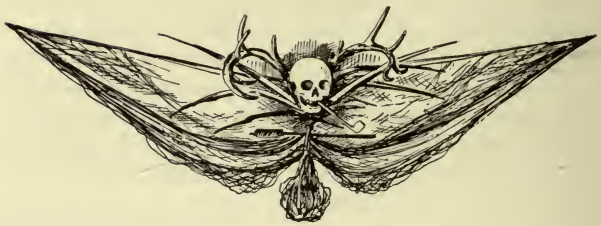
Some of the best sensational reporting ever performed in Milwaukee was done in Storey's day for the Chicago Times by Northrop and Marshall and Louis Bleyer. Northrop wrote up the burning of the Newhall House for the Times, several years before it occurred. Louis Bleyer made a record in the Bush-Sartoris affair of which a Pinkerton detective might have been justly proud, and kept the whole country agog for days with his letters to the Times.

The friendly relations which have always existed between the forces of the German-American Press in Milwaukee and their English-writing brethren, almost warrant encroachment upon ground that will no doubt be adequately covered sooner or later in a volume representing the press organization of the German-Americans. The late W. W. Coleman, of the

H. S. Dankoler.

Herold, was one of the early members of our Club. Bernhard Domschcke, Frederick Fratney, Moritz Schoeffler, P. V. Deuster, George Koeppen, Herman Sigel, Dr. Knotser, and Dr. Senner are among the men who writing in German have done much that has enhanced the credit of journalism in Milwaukee.

JOHN G. GREGORY.



The World's Fair Journalists.

THE WORLD'S FAIR JOURNALISTS.

THE 22d of June is written large and with color in the annals of the Milwaukee Press Club. Furthermore, it is commemorated by the Club's annual outings, which now occur regularly on that date, or as near thereto as is consistent with the ability of the members of the Club to absent themselves from business *en masse*. This latter tribute to a day of pleasant memory is peculiarly appropriate. The luridity of the annual outbreaks of the Club, and the exuberance of fellowship in the wilds of the Auer "farm," recall the stately but equally felicitous gathering which gave lasting grace to the day, and the ruddy finale at the Club rooms that joined two days with uninterrupted merriment. The Club's outings are banquet and "commers" combined, with sylvan garnishments. They occur on the longest day and the shortest night of the year, but by a magical inversion the day becomes simply a brief prelude, while the night is drawn out into a period of revelry equal in length to the merry Club nights of the winter solstice.

The date we celebrate received its chaplet in 1893—"World's Fair year"—when Chicago captured the whole cake, and when her ambitious neighbors each strove to get something more than mere crumbs. Early in the year schemes were advanced to attract the attention of visitors to the World's

H. G. Underwood.

A. G. Wright.

Columbian Exposition, and, if possible, to induce them to visit Milwaukee. A boom prevailed in real estate and business circles, and in consequence there was great fertility of expedient. Various propositions were made, and the Common Council was asked to consider the advisability of appropriating $100,000 for advertising purposes. It was suggested that great signs could be erected in Chicago, on vacant lots, bearing extravagant announcements in giant letters. Somebody advocated the enlistment of an army of "sandwich men," to literally carry Milwaukee to the front. An exceedingly ambitious inventor proposed to build an aluminum air ship that would rise to the upper atmosphere in disobedience of natural law and with a big screw wheel bore a hole into the air between the two cities and let the ship slide back and forth through it at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, carrying visitors to and from the World's Fair. When the nightmare of ingenuity was at its height, the Press Club came to Milwaukee's rescue. One of its most esteemed members, Chas. K. Lush, conceived the happy idea of luring from the Fair for one day the small army of newspaper correspondents from foreign countries, and entertaining them so hospitably that they would, in common gratitude, write to their respective newspapers about Milwaukee's enterprise and beauty, and thus advertise the city to the uttermost corners of the world. The Club submitted the scheme to the merchants and manufacturers of the city, and the enterprising men of business recognized its merit in an instant, and expressed a desire to co-operate with the Press Club in entertaining the foreign journalists.

A committee of the Press Club discussed the matter at several meetings with a committee of business men, and the preliminaries were satisfactorily arranged. The Club was

represented at these meetings by President Herman Bleyer, Geo. H. Yenowine, Chas. K. Lush, Ed. Quin, and Dr. E. W. Krackowizer, and the business men by Henry C. Payne, August Richter, Jr., and others.

Without loss of time a committee, consisting of Geo. H. Yenowine, Chas. K. Lush, Harold G. Underwood, Frederic Heath, and Dr. E. W. Krackowizer went to Chicago to perfect the arrangements, bearing with them the formal invitation, which was framed as follows:

The Milwaukee Press Club
Requests the Honor of Your Presence at a
Banquet
Tendered in Behalf of the Citizens of Milwaukee
To Distinguished Foreign and American Journalists,
Thursday, June 22, 1893.
R. S. V. P.

The committee encountered a number of discouraging obstacles, but it stuck to its task with journalistic pertinacity, and eventually succeeded in making all necessary arrangements for the success of the happy enterprise. It learned, when it reached Chicago, that the dedication of the Ferris Wheel was to take place on the date fixed for the reception and banquet, and that Maj. Moses P. Handy, Chief of the Bureau of Publicity and Promotion of the World's Fair, who had been counted on to act as dean of the visiting newspaper men and Exposition officials, was down on the programme for a speech on the occasion of the first turning of the Brobdingnagian wheel. As Maj. Handy could not be spared, the committee brought every influence it could enlist to bear in favor of a postponement of the dedication exercises, which was eventually accomplished. In this effort the committee was earnestly assisted by President Stanley

Fred Dougherty.

Willis L. Moore.

Waterloo, Opie Reid, John Fuller and other members of the Chicago Press Club, which invariably extends every courtesy within its power to the members of the Milwaukee press.

On the day previous to the reception and entertainment Geo. H. Yenowine, Harold G. Underwood, A. W. Dingwall, M. D. Malkoff, Geo. W. Peck, Jr., W. J. Anderson and Dr. E. W. Krackowizer went to Chicago as a committee of escort. The weather was threatening and showery, but it transpired that this cause of anxiety was Nature's contribution to the conspiracy of the Press Club's friends in favor of a perfect event. The 22d dawned as perfect a June day as was ever recorded by weather observers. The atmosphere was clear and invigorating, and not a particle of dust was afloat. This made the run from Chicago over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway a preliminary treat.

The train arrived at the Union Depot at 11:15 o'clock. It consisted of a parlor car, two ordinary coaches, and a baggage car, and was comfortably filled, the ladies and their escorts occupying the parlor car. A committee of business men and a committee of the Press Club welcomed the city's guests. Gov. Peck was with the committees. He had intended to go to Chicago to assist the escort, but official duties at Madison made it impossible for him to do so. Among those who were at the depot were Horace Rublee, W. T. Walthall, Jr., P. V. Deuster, Paul Bechtner, Francis B. Keene, W. J. Pohl, Geo. Koeppen, Henry E. Legler, Herman Bleyer, Julius Bleyer, E. C. Wall, Col. W. J. Boyle, Henry C. Payne, John E. Hansen, Henry M. Mendel, H. J. Steinman, E. C. Eldridge, Col. J. A. Watrous, August G. Richter, Jr., J. T. Bannen, Richard B. Watrous, John R. Wolf, W. F. Hooker, B. B. Hopkins, Willis L. Moore, W. D. Carrick, Ed. S. Quinn,

Capt. Mason Jackson, C. S. Clark, A. C. Dick, H. C. Campbell, P. J. Shannon, Capt. I. M. Bean, H. H. Rand, Curt M. Treat, A. W. Dingwall, Fred. Wilkins, J. D. McManus, Herman Schultz, R. B. Wescott, C. W. Emerson and Frank Schultz.

The visitors were escorted to a special train of trolley cars which had been made up on Third Street, in front of the Davidson Theater. When the cars had received their brilliant freight they were photographed. Some difficulty was experienced in getting a picture, owing to the immense crowd of onlookers that occupied the streets and walks. Vice-President Henry C. Payne's elegant private car led the train, carrying the ladies and their escorts. Among the occupants of this car were Mrs. Eugene Field, Mrs. John F. Ballantyne, Mrs. Dogget, Miss Erickson, Gov. Geo. W. Peck, Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago, Maj. Moses P. Handy, Henry C. Payne, Hakky Bey, the Turkish Commissioner, Henry M. Mendel, Geo. W. Peck, Jr., Geo. H. Yenowine and Herman Bleyer.

The train moved through the city by a circuitous route, the members of the Press Club acted as guides, calling the attention of the occupants of the cars to objects of interest on the way. When the Soldiers' Home was reached a tempting lunch was found in readiness, in the pavilion—a thoughtful provision made at the suggestion and under the direction of Chas. K. Lush. Here Dr. E. W. Krackowizer introduced Gov. Peck, who made a few humorous remarks, in the course of which Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago announced in his happy style that the governor was the gentleman who was made famous by his "Bad Boy." "Yes," rejoined Gov. Peck, "you are the 'Bad Boy.'" After lunching in the balmy air of the Home grounds the refreshed guests were again enlivened by Gov. Peck, who appeared on the balcony and

George W. Peck, Jr.

Frank M. Harbach.

delivered a humorous address. Miss Alice Raymond, the famous cornetist, then sounded the bugle calls with drum accompaniment. As the assembly call, reveille, assembly of the guard, detail, adjutant's call and the tattoo pealed forth, the pleased veterans of the war paid the fair musician hearty tributes of applause. In response to these acknowledgments Miss Raymond played "Marching Through Georgia," and "Dixie."

Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, then delivered a witty and eloquent address, rallying Gov. Peck and paying a warm tribute to Milwaukee, which he said was the home of music and the future American Baireuth. In behalf of 1,800 veterans of the Home, he read a letter signed by E. W. Nagle greeting the visitors to the Home and extending to them, through Hon. John L. Mitchell, "an Irish welcome, which means an honest welcome multiplied a hundred fold." Mayor Harrison laughingly substituted his own name for that of Senator Mitchell. After humorous allusions to Gov. Peck and himself as soldiers of the war, Mayor Harrison pronounced a stirring eulogy on the heroes of the war of the rebellion.

At the conclusion of the speaking the guests and their escorts were photographed on the lawn, and then seated in carriages for an extended drive. The brilliant procession swept into the city, winding through a number of private grounds on the way. Capt. Fred. Pabst received the party with hearty salutes and handshakes, as he stood on the porch of his palatial residence. A short halt was made at the brewery of the Joseph Schlitz Company, where refreshments were served. When the procession swept down Prospect Avenue, giving the visitors glimpses of the beautiful bay through handsome residence grounds, there were loud exclamations of delight. These exclamations developed into enthusiastic ad-

miration as the carriages turned into Juneau Place and Milwaukee Bay lay in full view from the top of the bluff. The bay was a revelation to many of the strangers, who declared that it was one of the most beautiful views they had ever enjoyed. The drive ended at the Layton Art Gallery, where the carriages were dismissed.

The banquet at the Hotel Pfister in the evening was a brilliant function. The regal splendor of the table accessories and the pristine beauty of the spacious dining hall met the requirements of the great occasion to the fullest extent, and the feast set forth by the hotel's chef was an exposition of culinary skill. The menu was as follows:

BANQUET TENDERED TO THE
FOREIGN AND AMERICAN JOURNALISTS
BY THE MILWAUKEE PRESS CLUB.

MENU.

Little Neck Clams.
Niersteiner.
Consomme Printaniere aux Quenelles.
Amontillado.
Timbale de Riz de Veau Rachel.
Radies. Almonds Salee. Olives.
Saumon bouilli, Sauce Cardinal.
Salade de Concombres. Pommes Dauphine.
Haute Sauterne.
Filet Pique aux Truffles, et Champignons Frais.
Petits Pois Francaise.
Mumm's Extra Dry.
Asperges en branche, au beurre.
Sorbet Imperatrice.
Becasse Roti Flanques sur Canape.
Salade de Laitue et Tomate.
Chateau de la Paix.
Gateaux aux fraises.
Fruits. Fromage.
Cafe.

Hotel Pfister.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Juin 22, 1893.

Jno. F. Cramer.

A. W. Dingwall.

The table of honor extended along the south side of the hall, and the other tables reached across the hall at right angles. Over 200 persons participated in the banquet, which was thoroughly enjoyable to the visitors because of its informality. Cordiality reigned and exchanges of courtesies were frequent. A number of German journalists arose from their places and proceeded to where Dr. Ernest Hart, the eminent editor of the British Medical Journal, was seated and courteously toasted him. They then paid the same conspicuous compliment to Horace Rublee. During the evening the orchestra in the balcony played the national airs of the leading nations of the world. As the music recalled home and country, the joyous guests were moved by an irresistible feeling of patriotism to cheer their national hymns. Many sang the "Marseillaise" and "Die Wacht am Rhein," while the band played those airs.

When the cigars were reached, President Herman Bleyer, of the Press Club, who sat at the center of the table of honor, with Horace Rublee, the toastmaster, on his right, and Gov. Geo. W. Peck on his left, began the intellectual programme by greeting the guests of the evening and declaring that the day had been a proud one for the Press Club. He said that from the opening of the World's Columbian Exposition, the members of the Milwaukee Press Club had felt that they would like to gather in the little army of busy press workers who were telling the world of the beauties of the greatest Exposition that had ever been conceived by any country under the sun. The Club had finally succeeded in doing this, and now it earnestly hoped that its guests had had a good time. "We have! We have!" came from all parts of the hall.

President Bleyer closed his remarks by introducing Horace Rublee, who was greeted with enthusiastic applause. Mr.

Rublee spoke at length, sketching the history of Milwaukee and making interesting observations in regard to American institutions and the American people. His address was scholarly and eloquent.

The toast "Wisconsin" drew a characteristically happy speech from Gov. Geo. W. Peck.

James G. Flanders responded to the toast "Milwaukee" with a speech in which he recounted the city's growth and set forth her advantages. He presented facts and figures that would have overburdened a less eloquent address, and thus showed that he fully appreciated the purpose of the gathering.

The World's Fair correspondents had an eloquent and witty spokesman in Maj. Moses P. Handy, who joked Gov. Peck about his stories in regard to Milwaukee, and matched one of the Governor's tales with a tale about a St. Paul boomer.

W. Austin, of the London Morning Post, made eloquent acknowledgment for "The English Press."

Rudolph Cronau, of Leipsic, spoke briefly in German, and Adrian Paradis, French Commissioner of Fine Arts, delivered a short address in French. Franz Berg, who represented Herr Wermuth, the German Imperial Commissioner, made an eloquent speech in English.

J. S. Larke, Executive Commissioner for Canada, made one of the wittiest and most entertaining speeches of the evening.

Thomas Watt, Commissioner for British Guiana, proposed three cheers for Milwaukee, which were given in many languages and with a polyglot "Tiger!"

Eugene Field recited two of his poems, "Casey's Table d'Hote," and "Wynken, Blynken and Nod."

M. C. Douglas.

M. D. Malkoff.

After the banquet the Press Club held a reception, or "commers," in its rooms, to which the guests repaired in a body. The spirit of the grotesquely picturesque apartments is infectious, and all immediately abandoned themselves to thoroughly Bohemian enjoyment. Refreshments were plentiful and cigar smoke dense and all-pervading. Eugene Field, Paul Hull, Dr. Ernest Hart and Will Vischer convulsed the crowd with recitations, poems, dialect sketches and songs. Nearly every member of the Press Club assisted in entertaining the guests, who occupied the Club rooms and the rooms of the German journalists on the floor below. The assemblage was a remarkable one. It included representatives of many nations, who fraternized as they drank and smoked. Even the picturesque representatives of Japan, who could not understand a word that was said, participated in the merriment of the occasion. The "commers" lasted until daylight.

At 10:30 o'clock on Friday morning, June 23d, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul special train steamed out of Union Depot with the visitors, on the return trip to Chicago. Everybody was pleased, and on every hand could be heard remarks in grateful acknowledgment of the courtesies and the lavish hospitality which had imparadised the stay of the visitors in Milwaukee. Among those who were present to "speed the parting guest" were Gov. Peck, Horace Rublee, Herman Bleyer and other members of the Press Club, and Geo. H. Yenowine with Mrs. Eugene Field and Mrs. Ballantyne of Chicago, and Mrs. Dogget, of St. Louis. The departing journalists cheered lustily as the train moved out of the depot, continuing their hearty acknowledgment of Milwaukee's generosity until they were lost to view.

When Chicago was reached the following message was sent back over the wires:

CHICAGO, June 23, 1893.

Secretary Milwaukee Press Club.

Returning from excursion, we wish to tender the members of the Milwaukee press our best thanks for the liberal and fraternal hospitality extended to us. Our visit to your beautiful city will remain everlasting among the finest souvenirs of the Chicago Exposition.

DALFERO,
Secretary Italian Royal Commission.

Eugene Field and wife, Mrs. John Ballantyne and Mrs. Dogget remained in the city as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Yenowine. They were entertained at luncheon by Horace Rublee at his residence on Prospect Avenue, together with W. Austin, of the London Morning Post, and Edmund Mitchell, of the Melbourne Age and Sydney Telegraph.

The distinguished party which was entertained by the Press Club was composed as follows:

Thomas B. Bryan, vice-president Columbian Exposition; Moses P. Handy, chief, John T. Cramhall, assistant, and Victor Sarner, German editor, bureau of publicity and promotion; Adolph Wermuth, German imperial commissioner, represented by Franz Berg, assistant commissioner; Sir Henry Truman Wood, secretary Royal British Commission; J. S. Larke, executive commissioner for Canada; T. J. Bell, official reporter for Canada; W. M. Andrews, superintendent transportation department of Canada; N. Avery, commissioner for the province of Ontario; C. W. Young, official reporter for the Ontario Cornwall Freeholder; F. Howard Annes, assistant reporter for the Ontario Whitby Chronicle; Charles F. Law, commissioner British Columbia; W. P. Perley, commissioner Northwest Territory; Fitz-William Terry, superintendent liberal arts New South Wales, Australian Press News; J. J. Grinlinton, special commissioner, Ceylon; L. Wiener, commissioner Cape of Good Hope; I. I. Quelch, special commissioner British Guiana; G. V. Dalfero, secretary

W. W. Pollock.

H. C. Campbell.

Italian Royal Commission; Prof. J. Hubert Vos, R. B. A., acting commissioner fine arts Netherlands; Ibrahim Hakky Bey, Imperial Ottoman commissioner general; Marquis de Chasseloup Laubat, special commissioner French Republic; Adrien Paradis, special commissioner fine arts France; Axel Welm, secretary Royal Swedish Commission; W. Austin, Morning Post, London; James Milne, Daily Chronicle, London; Francis Edlam, Pall Mall Gazette, London; J. S. C. Brown, Leader, Edinburgh; Richard Owen, Banner and Times, Denbigh, Wales; A. Cookman, Roberts' Musical Times, London; E. R. Dolby, The Engineer, London; Alice M. Hart, Ernest Hart, British Medical Journal, London; Charles A. Baker, British Colonial Druggist, London; Thomas Watts, Press News, British Guiana; H. Gilbert Stringer, Daily Times, Dunedin, New Zealand; Edmund Mitchell, Daily Telegram, Melbourne, New South Wales; Joseph Wilson, Builder and Contractor News, Sydney, N. S. W.; George E. Wray, West Elgin Mercury, Canada; Heinrich Blau, Londoner Feuilletonistische Nachrichten; Rudolf Cronau, Gartenlaube, Leipzig; Mrs. Anna Simson, Nord und Sued, Breslau; Dr. Constantin Noerrenberg, Rhein-Westphalia, Essen; Mrs. Louise Weber, Mecklenburger Tageblatt; Theodor Phillipp, Hamburger Nachrichten; Carl Boettcher, Breslauer Zeitung; Mrs. Adele Boettcher, Leipziger Tageblatt; Dr. L. Kayler-Post, Berlin; Hermann Helger, Berliner Lokalanzeiger; Otto Liebe, truth, Nordhausener Zeitung; H. C. Schultz, Strassburger Post; Christian Benkard, Ueber Land und Meer, Leipzig; Miss Elise Vollmar, Schweitzer Familienblatt, Zuerich; Leopold Jockel, Neuigkeits Welbblatt, Wien; M. Schmidthofer, Welzer Anzeiger; Dr. Hugo Hunfalfy, Magyar Hirlop, Buda Pesth; A Verdure, du Bethomez Journal, Paris; S. M. Loubrie, La Gironde, Bordeaux; H. Percy Guy, Le Rappel, Paris; Dr. Alexis Rieunier, Journal de Celte; Louis Hennis, Illustriret Tidende, Copenhagen; A. Edling, a Swedish syndicate; Ragnar Sohlman, Aftonbladet, Stockholm; Harold Kimbarz, Nya Dagligt Allehanda, Stockholm; Etienne Barszesewski, Kurza Warsawski, Russia; Jenny Ericson, Altonblat, Helsingfors, Finland; Anna Molander, Hemmet Och Samhallet, Helsingfors; Hrano Asadow, Arelvelk, Constantinople; Paul S. Ourfalian, Monzeuma, Constantinople; M. Terakado and T. Ineno, Osaka Mainichi Shinban, Tokio; Ph. H. Stynis, Haarlemsche Courant, Haarlem, Holland; H. H.

Kohlsaat, Inter-Ocean; Eugene Field, News; Charles D. Almy, Maj. John B. Warde, Leroy Armstrong, Herald; H. E. O. Heinemann, The Brewer; J. P. Pollard, Figaro; Frank S. Pixley and J. J. Lane, Evening Post; John Ritchie, N. M. Reed, Jr., Banner of Gold; S. Wright, Dunning, Fred. C. Laird, M. Hennius, German Press Club—all of Chicago; Dr. Ad. Wiener, Oesterreich-Ungarische Zeitung; Dr. Henrick Cooling, Skandenaven; M. DeYoung, Chronicle, San Francisco; Will Vischer, Spokane News; John Fay, New York World; Thomas O. Quincy, North American, Philadelphia; George L. Bovee, Herald, El Paso, Tex.; Maj. George A. Tappan, Donahue's Magazine, Boston; Carter Harrison, Chicago; A. Broletti, Perseveranga, Milan; E. Patrizi, Lombardia, Milan; Rome; E. Candiani, Industria, Milan; G. Campi, Arte et Natura, Milan; G. Pogliani, Rivista Internationale, Milan; F. Tryegnoli, Villaggio, Milan; P. Rossi, Gazzetta, Venice; V. Flipponi, Gazzetta Piemontese, Turin; G. Peterso, Gazzetta, Naples; E. Conti, Commercio, Milan; A. Besetti, Commercio, Florence; G. Ciambeti, Italio American, New York.

The bread of hospitality which Milwaukee cast upon the waters in entertaining the foreign journalists and foreign officials on duty at the World's Columbian Exposition was plentiful in quantity and accompanied by a generous outpouring of the choicest wines of refreshment, but in accordance with the predictions of the promoters of the happy enterprise it was returned like the bread of the proverb, multiplied many times. For months after the reception and entertainment newspapers came to the Milwaukee Press Club from all parts of the world, containing World's Fair correspondence in which Milwaukee was described with glowing words, and her beauty and her enterprise and hospitality praised in the superlative degree. The writers of these letters will never forget the enjoyment of the perfect June day during which they were the guests of Milwaukee, and the city will be pleasantly mentioned whenever they have occasion to say anything about the people of the New World.

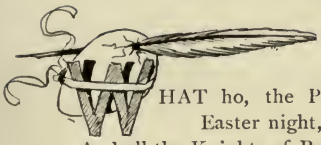
J. C. Garrison.

Of all the cities that tried to advertise themselves to advantage

among the visitors to the World's Fair, Milwaukee alone succeeded in spreading her name and fame to the uttermost parts of the civilized world; and through the kind offices of the Milwaukee Press Club she obtained this diffusive advertising for a comparatively small amount of money. Had the Common Council appropriated $100,000 for the work it could have secured no such results as were achieved by the Press Club for only a small fraction of that amount.

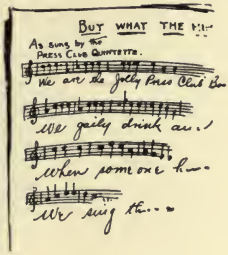
JULIUS BLEYER.

EASTER AT THE CLUB.



WHAT ho, the Press Club gathers! Behold, 'tis
Easter night,
And all the Knights of Pencil and of Pen
Are mustered in their quarters; the board is all bedight
With the fruit of the meek and gentle hen.
With a face as red as fire, the valiant Julius Bleyer
Comes fresh from bending o'er the kitchen range
And waves aloft on high, *not* the spider and the fly,
But the spider and the eggs—a welcome change.

Now, then, who'll have perates? Oh here they are, all hot!
Are there any actors here? Who'll have the ham?
Here are eggs boiled, fried and scrambled. Here, take 'em
now or not,
And the platter strikes the table with a slam.
From the grill-room with a rush, comes the omni-
present Lush
With a smoking pot of coffee in his hand,
And with a gentle roll, bearing high a salad bowl,
Wallie Walthall next appears, and takes his stand.

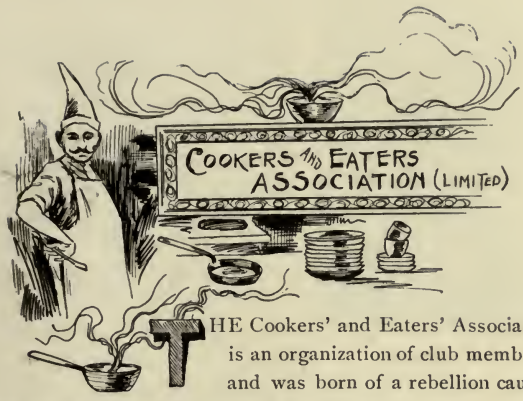


Gambrinus isn't slighted—the amber fluid flows;
And the rattle of the knife and fork abounds.
The fun is fast and furious, the corn-cob pipe soon
glows
And many a song and jest that night resounds.
Then rising on their legs all take to picking eggs.
Frank Keene succeeds, till china eggs are barred,
And the gallant Colonel Peck shows an egg without a speck
And carries off the prizes, which is hard.

Oh, nights of fun and laughter that these old walls have known!
Where all forget the wrangles of the day.
And where the ancient grievances in clouds of smoke are blown
Forever and forever far away.
Long may the boys here gather—long may the grill-
room stand,
Long may the guests endure a friendly roast.
"To the good Milwaukee Press Club"—here take
your glass in hand
And drink with me the honored Press Club toast.

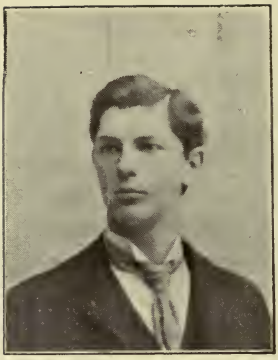
H. G. UNDERWOOD.

Cookers' and Eaters'
Association (Limited.)



THE Cookers' and Eaters' Association is an organization of club members, and was born of a rebellion caused by a good appetite and a decided disinclination to attempt to appease it on a continual diet of spareribs and sauerkraut. After quite a period of agitation the chairman of the room committee was granted permission, about a year ago, to place a gas stove in the billiard room and to also purchase a small outfit for cooking purposes. Many of the members scoffed at the venture and predicted that the stove would never be used to any extent. But the little band of cooking promoters went right ahead, their first efforts being devoted to the kindergarten course of frying eggs, making oyster stews, and frying ham and bacon. Their progress was rapid, and it was not long before the most proficient could broil a porterhouse to a turn, plank a whitefish or produce an omelet that even an epicure could relish. This little coterie took to having a regular noonday dinner at the Club, everybody standing his share of the cost of the raw material and assisting in the cooking. It was found to be a very satisfactory way of satisfying the inner man, and many a time I have sat down to a dinner of sirloin steak, potatoes, bread and butter and coffee

A. J. Van Leshout.



T. S. Andrews.

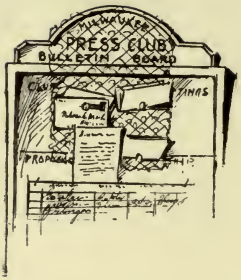
where the individual assessment would not exceed fifteen cents, and such a steak as it would be! Not one of your restaurant affairs, but a great, sizzling cut of meat, an inch and a half thick, with strips of bacon lying across it and plenty of gravy. In the early days of February one of the honorary members of the Club, General Louis Auer, was an about-to-be married young man, and it was decided to give him a dinner which should be cooked and served by the members of the Club who had made a practice of cooking in the rooms. The dinner was given as planned out, and a jolly affair it was, and before the party arose from the table the Cookers' and Eaters' Association had been formed—the officers being Chas. K. Lush, President; Francis B. Keene, Secretary; Geo. H. Yenowine, Treasurer; W. T. Walthall, Jr., and Prof. Thiese, Directors. Fifteen persons were served at this dinner, and the menu was as follows:

Oyster Stew. Cold Slaw.
Brown Link Sausage. Baked Potatoes. Buttered Rolls.
Apple Dumpling. American Cheese.
Claret Punch. Coffee.

So successful was this inaugural dinner of the Association that President Bleyer, himself a charter member of the Association by reason of having produced a very fine quality of corn-bread for the especial purpose of securing admission, decided to have the next Club dinner cooked in the rooms and to act as chef himself. Covers were laid for thirty-two, and the dinner was cooked and served by Mr. Bleyer, assisted by Thomas Andrews and J. D. McManus. It consisted of oyster stew, roast beef, baked potatoes, stewed corn, stewed tomatoes, hot biscuit, Indian pudding and coffee. Later an "egg festival" was given by Mr. Bleyer, at which about thirty members were served with eggs cooked in every variety that could

be thought of. While the Cookers' and Eaters' Association will, from time to time, give a formal dinner, this is by no means the primary object of the organization. The idea of the founders is to foster a spirit of independence by teaching each member to be fully able to take care of himself in all matters culinary. With women folk entering all lines of industry there is bound to be a falling off in the supply of good cooks, with the consequent result that the day may not be far off when it will devolve upon the masculine portion of the community to "cook or cut bait." And, as it is even now, the members of the Association enjoy a peculiar thrill in sitting down to a well-cooked steak and realizing that, even should one's wife visit her mother for a month and the hired girl go on a strike, he would not be at the mercy of some slatternly wench trained to throw a piece of meat in a greasy frying-pan upon hearing the command, "One on the fire!"

CHAS. K. LUSH.


PRESS CLUB
BULLETIN BOARD

The Club's Annual Outing.

THE CLUB'S ANNUAL OUTING.

THE annual picnics of the Press Club have been held, for the last three or four seasons, at Gen. Louis Auer's farm, "Villa Auer," at Lake Pewaukee. And what an ideal spot that is! Arcadian groves, crystal springs, superb boating, bathing and fishing facilities, ample accommodations for all emergencies, and, above all, the unlimited and unstinted hospitality of the princely proprietor. Let it be recorded here, as it has been for long, in the hearts of Press Club members who have enjoyed that hospitality, that the Badger State does not hold a more open-hearted and free-handed host than Louis Auer, one of the few honorary members of the Club. With the freedom of his sixty-acre farm at one's disposal, his boats and fishing tackle, his hunter's shacks, his tents and hammocks, his men servants at command, and the presence of his energetic self, to plan, suggest and help on with the business of having a good time, one cannot help—after the fun is over, and a sense of its fullness steals over him—one cannot help recalling a line of Young's and feeling himself to have been a—

"Poor pensioner on the bounty of an Auer."

The poet does not spell it in just that way, but let it go for sentiment's sweet sake.

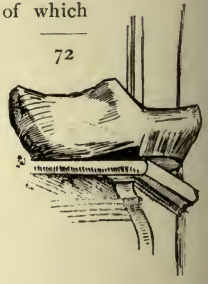
M. D. Kimball.

Curt M. Treat.

Though varying in features, from year to year, the picnics of the Press Club have been in the main similar, and a brief account of the last one (1895), may suffice for all. The date was June 22. The attendance numbered about forty members and a few invited guests. Upon arriving at the farm, we were conducted to ample tents which had been pitched for our accommodation. Here the gang was turned loose upon a supply of lumbermen's flannel suits of polychromatic hues and misfit proportions: trousers of collossal amplitude; frocks of giant girth; hats of all degrees of latitude and altitude, from the expansive Mexican sombrero to the pointed poke of a Welsh peasant. When the transformation had taken place, there emerged from the tents a group with which Falstaff's tatterdemalion soldiers were dudes in comparison—a bit of living marquetry that would have made the Midway appear of sombre hue.

Meanwhile the appetizing aroma of a savory soup, of frying sausages and of O. G. J. coffee pervaded the sylvan shades, and eke the nostrils of these nondescripts. The business of the next hour seemed to be an effort on the part of many to expand their girths to the amplitude of the garments aforesaid. The provisions held out, but appetite, as you know, is not infinite, and as they rose from the table the drapery of their checkered and striated tunics still hung in graceful and pendulous folds, as though the struggle had not been.

There was revelry that night in the hunter's shack. A couple of old-fashioned fiddlers sat on a table in one corner of the capacious cabin and scraped off reels, jigs, hornpipes and other lively music until midnight. This was the "Dance of the Stags," according to the printed programme. The dances were interspersed with exhibitions of pugilistic skill (gloves, of course), acrobatic feats and fancy steps, some of which



would have done credit to a vaudeville stage. The fiddlers, on this long-to-be-remembered occasion, were John Eastman, who claimed to hold the belt for long-winded fiddling, and L. S. Bemis, a septuagenarian, who was in demand at all the pioneer dances in this part of the State "back in the forties." Whatever their past record, they fiddled themselves into fame that night in the hunter's shack, and the glory of the "old-fashioned fiddlers" will go down to posterity with that of the "Um-pah Band," which stirred the sleeping echoes of Pewaukee Lake at the picnic of 1894.

A plunge in the cool waters of the lake at six o'clock the following morning, freshened us for the day's programme. The great event of the day was to be a clambake, which was set for two o'clock, afternoon. Some preliminaries pertaining to this having been attended to, the intervening hours were spent in various sports. Chief among these was a game of ball played under the rules of the league when slow pitching was admissable. It was intended that competing nines from the morning and evening newspapers should be pitted against each other in this contest, but when the ball players were counted a complement was lacking and a "scrub" game was the result.

By one o'clock the ball-tossers had settled their dispute and returned to camp, the sunfishers had put away their tackle, and those who had spent the morning lounging in hammocks, or, in shady nooks, had engaged in the exciting sports of "Duck on the Rock," and "Baby in the Hole," had likewise sought the center of interest. That center was a barrel containing eleven hundred freshly-imported clams and a second barrel filled with sea weed. For upwards of an hour following, Hunger, Appetite, Curiosity and all their cousins, stood around the fiery pit watching the process of converting

J. D. McManus.

George F. Kerr.

India rubber bivalves and spring chickens into something which, though it may not have had the consistency of ambrosia, was at any rate fit food for gods or men. The process was slow, and, moreover, it was a long time since breakfast. Thus it happened, just at the point when certain indescribable delicious odors came steaming up from the simmering mass, that a gaunt and wasted figure whom some recognized as Famine, stepped up and touched Curiosity on the sleeve. Whereupon Curiosity and her brood withdrew. It must have been that Messrs. Carrothers and Higgins, who were conducting the clambake, witnessed this episode, for shortly after the order was given to the darkey, Bell (surnamed Shadrach on this occasion for the intrepid manner in which he walked in and out of the fiery furnace), to rake out the clams. A great feast followed. Curiosity, Appetite, Famine and half a hundred hungry clamoring mortals were satisfied. It was the first clambake of any importance attempted in Wisconsin, so far as the writer knows, and it was a splendid success.

Some one appeared on the scene, shortly after dinner, with a bag full of greased pig. Entries were made, at a quarter each, making a purse of some four dollars. The lubricated porker was turned loose in the woods and there was a wild and exciting chase for his capture. Shadrach caught him. Take him all in all, Shadrach was "hot stuff."

Thus ended the annual outing and clambake of the Press Club. The spontaneous cheers which were given as the steam yachts carried the party away were for Louis Auer, but the enthusiastic "tiger" which followed expressed the satisfaction which was felt over the all-around good time which was had. But as I recall it

since, as I often do, I am conscious of an old song running through my head :

"Oh, the days of the Kerry dancing !
Oh, the ring of the piper's tune !
Oh, for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone—alas ! like our youth—too soon."

The recollection of those spring chickens, saturated with the flavor of a thousand clams, will suggest another sort of song to some, but to me comes only the strain—"Oh, the ring of the piper's tune!" I think I am to thank the old-fashioned fiddlers for that.

MATHER D. KIMBALL.

Wisconsin War
Correspondents.

Otis Colburn.

J. W. Campsie.

C. S. Osborn.

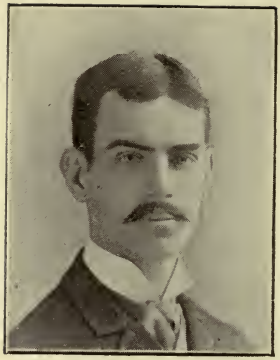
W. A. Booth.

Wisconsin War Correspondents.

THE time when "Our Washington Letter" and "News from Our Special Correspondent at the Front" began to appear in the Milwaukee newspapers marks the period when the first attempts to secure news from without the State were made. The general desire of the reading public for war news and particularly for news of the Wisconsin soldiers was so pressing that the Milwaukee papers were compelled to make arrangements for a special service, and thereby obtain matter which was not to be had through the regular channels of the Associated Press. The latter included but little beyond what was suited to the purposes and policy of the War Department or of commanding officers, hence a valuable field was open to the special correspondents, and quite often the news of important exploits in the field was in the possession of the editor before it was reported to Washington. As a rule the arrangements for special service made by the Milwaukes press were with officers or enlisted men. Several stepped out of the editorial rooms into the recruiting station and developed into the most satisfactory correspondents because of their previous experience. Four men from the editorial rooms of the Evening Wisconsin and two from the Sentinel entered the military service. Two of the former were killed in battle.

Frank Markle.

The reports from war correspondents to the Milwaukee papers were necessarily sent by mail. The use of telegraph wires was not then so general as it has since become.



R. B. Watrous.

The Milwaukee papers were not alone in this respect; Chicago papers did no better. Telegraph charges in those days were heavy, and only publishers with resources equal to James Gordon Bennett's could indulge in war news by wire to any considerable extent. It is related of one of the war correspondents of the Evening Wisconsin that he misinterpreted his instructions and sent about half a column by wire one day, creating a financial crisis in the counting room of that paper.

Several years before the outbreak of the rebellion Warren M. Graham came to Milwaukee from Ozaukee County, and appealed to Mr. A. J. Aikens for an opportunity to learn the printer's trade. His persistency was finally rewarded, and he was put to work in the mechanical department. A short time after he had "learned the boxes," he was transferred to the editorial rooms, and subsequently became commercial editor of the Evening Wisconsin. When but nineteen years old he enlisted in Co. B, First Wisconsin Infantry, the first regiment to leave the State. While in the service he wrote letters to the Wisconsin describing his army experiences. While in camp at Hagerstown, Md., he captured a rebel newspaper outfit at that place and became its editor, revolutionizing the sheet from an organ of secession to one with a radical union sentiment. Mr. Graham's military as well as journalistic career was abruptly cut short in July, 1861. At the battle of Falling Waters he was mortally wounded, but he faithfully reported a description of the battle, concealing his own sufferings. He died Aug. 26, 1861, and was the first soldier to be buried in Forest Home. The deed of the cemetery lot was purchased by the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce, and the expenses of bringing the body home and of burial were defrayed by that organization.

Everett Chamberlain was born in Newburg, Vt., in 1839, and in his eighteenth year came with his parents to Burlington, Wis. He taught school for several years, and in 1863 entered the editorial rooms of the Sentinel. In 1864 he raised a company for the Thirty-ninth Regiment and served until the regiment was mustered out. During the period of his military service he wrote letters to the Sentinel. After the war closed he returned to Milwaukee and continued with the Sentinel until 1868, when he went to Chicago. He became commercial editor of the Tribune, contributed to periodicals, and was the author of three books. The first was a volume on the political campaign of 1872, followed by a volume on the Chicago fire and another on Chicago and her suburbs. He was a versatile, trenchant writer, a fine musical critic, and also a musical performer and composer. His health failing he went to Florida and died at Jacksonville, February 19, 1875, of pulmonary consumption. He left a widow and three children who reside in the town of Vernon, Waukesha County. Mr. Chamberlain is remembered as an amiable, honorable gentleman, and one of the most gifted newspaper writers the West has produced.

Jonas M. Bundy spent his boyhood years in Rock County, where he became a protege and admirer of Senator Matt. H. Carpenter. Coming to Milwaukee he assisted Mr. Wm. E. Cramer on the Evening Wisconsin, and subsequently became editor-in-chief of the Sentinel. While the war was in progress he enlisted and became a member of Gen. Pope's staff, which gave him superior facilities for getting war news. After the war he went to New York and joined the editorial force of the Mail, subsequently rising to the position of editor-in-chief of the Mail and Express. In 1880 he went to Mentor and prepared a biographical sketch of

John J. Poppendieck, Jr.

John Schnitzler.

Garfield which was said to be the best which appeared during the presidential campaign of that year. He also wrote a sketch of Disraeli which was acknowledged in flattering terms by that English statesman. Maj. Bundy was considerable of a pianist, and his rendition of the "Swanee Ribber" was highly praised by Christine Nilsson. When Col. Shepard obtained control of the Mail and Express he sent Maj. Bundy to Paris, where he died.

George M. Bleyer, one of the family of Bleyer brothers so unanimously identified with the Milwaukee press, began as a carrier, and subsequently worked as printer and city editor in the Evening Wisconsin office. Leaving his desk at the first call to arms, he enlisted in Co. A, First Wisconsin Regiment, for three months, at the expiration of which he re-enlisted for three years. He subsequently became second lieutenant of Co. B, Twenty-fourth Regiment, and was mortally wounded at Stone River, Sept. 30, 1862. He lingered in the hospital until death came to his relief on January 25, 1863. He wrote letters to the Wisconsin during his service in the field, his last work being a description of the battle in which he was shot. Lieut. Bleyer was also a writer of verses, his poetry being readily accepted by the magazines, and his bright humor was a source of pleasure to readers.

L. L. Crounse spent his boyhood years in Walworth County. Sometime in the '50's he came to Milwaukee and was employed by Sherman M. Booth, then publisher of the Free Democrat. He did not enter the military service, but he was with the Army of the Potomac during its most eventful campaigns. He accompanied an expedition down the Potomac which contemplated a destruction of rebel batteries, and distanced all competitors by an elaborate report of the Battle of Gettysburg, which he sent to the New York Times.

It was a big achievement for those days, and the Times was justified in crowing over its defeated contemporaries. Mr. Crounse was also an occasional contributor to the news columns of the Evening Wisconsin.

Sylvanus Cadwallader, who was associated with the late George H. Paul in the Milwaukee News, had previously made a record as a war correspondent. Gen. Rawlins had a liking for Cadwallader, and he had superior facilities for obtaining news which he sent to New York papers. Mr. Cadwallader served four years at Madison as assistant secretary of state, and subsequently drifted to the Pacific coast.

With the establishment of two additional daily newspapers in Milwaukee—the Republican and News in 1881 and the Journal in 1883—competition between the new and the old became sharp and led to an enlarged use of the wires in securing news. Prior thereto the Milwaukee papers were contented with the Associated Press reports from Washington, supplemented by an occasional letter from some office-holder at the capital. As a result of the sharp rivalry between the Sentinel and the Republican and News, the former was the first to establish a news bureau in Washington, with a special wire under its control during the night hours. This was in 1881, and the writer of this was sent to Washington as correspondent, with license to use the wires daily and liberally whenever necessary. This was the beginning of a special news service by telegraph which has since been adopted by all the dailies of Milwaukee, according to their respective needs. Twenty years ago Washington specials to the Milwaukee papers came by mail almost invariably. Since the change of methods in 1881, nearly all of them keep their own men at Washington and the wires are freely used. Of those who have served as Washington correspond-

J. J. Schindler.

ents may be mentioned T. C. Crawford, who was city editor of the Milwaukee News. Mr. Crawford's work for the Chicago Times, Chicago News and New York World has given him a wide reputation. James Langland, for several years telegraph editor of the Sentinel and now associate editor of the Chicago Record, served as Washington correspondent of the Chicago News during the years 1881 and 1882. F. A. Moore was located at Washington for many years and sent news to the Evening Wisconsin. J. A. Truesdell, formerly of Beloit, was the Sentinel's correspondent at Washington for a couple of years, followed by Arthur J. Dodge. Others who have been sent to Washington by their respective papers are S. M. Curtis, of the Sentinel, and Fred Puhler and J. J. Schindler, of the Journal.

FRANK MARKLE.

After Dinner Reminiscences.

A. Thiese.

C. P. Salisbury.

E. C Eldridge.

Geo. C. Neusse.

After Dinner Reminiscences.

SITTING at one of our Press Club dinners a few years ago—an occasion that had been rendered even more than usually enjoyable by the reading of a paper on Ben Franklin in his capacity as a printer—my thoughts drifted back through the haze of cigar smoke to a time far beyond the war days, to a date when only a gravel pit occupied the site whereon stood the fine hotel in whose dining-room we were, and to a point in the history of Milwaukee newspapers when the Sentinel had just started its first steam engine and the steam engine had started its Hoe press, and I stood, a wondering youngster, watching the process by which in a single sheet, printed on one side only, two of the four pages of the paper for the following day slowly reeled out and slid down smoothly along a light wooden framework, like a gate to a miniature picket fence, which gate suddenly turned on a horizontal axis at the bottom, whacked the sheet down on a steadily growing pile of its mates, and then as suddenly jerked back into position for the next one.

Friendly faces were grouped about the press and kindly voices bade the youngster look at this thing or that about the Sentinel's new toy, but he hung fascinated about the stern end of the machine, only occasionally casting a half timid look over his shoulder at the fly wheel of the engine that worked not ten feet away, for his attention

Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.

W. G. Bruce.

was riveted upon that admirable piece of machinery at the rear. For the life of him he could not help thinking that its real use was a spanking device and that at any moment he might be hoisted upon the footboard and, *vis a tergo*, made the recipient of its measured strokes.

The kindly voices are all stilled now, save one. We heard it session after session in the halls of legislation at the capital, and none was better known or better loved. The friendly faces once so familiar in the old combined job and composing and press room of the Sentinel seemed to come floating back from spirit land through that haze of fragrant incense, for surely not one was there in the flesh. Of all the forty fellow-workers gathered at the board that night not one was on the Sentinel's force the day the old new engine fired up and set the walls to quivering, and George Dyer's workmen in the saddler shop next door ran out on the river bank behind us and gazed up at the back windows of the grimy brick building to see what was going on. It was called the Ludington Block in those days, and stood on the corner where the great Pabst building towers now, and in the second story front to the right as you entered was the counting room and business office, where for years the present secretary of the Chamber of Commerce kept the books. From this office through a rectangular hole in the party wall and down a dirty step or two you passed to the combined composing and press room,—the cases and the compositors being towards the East Water Street end and the engine and presses towards the river. Above the counting room and on the third floor was the editorial sanctum, looking out upon the busy street, where on hot days one could hear the hiss of Alcott's soda water stand in the shop across the way, the first of its kind in all Milwaukee, and watch the portly figure of

its most persistent patron, George H. Walker, waddling, red-faced and perspiring, from the Walker House, where stands the Kirby now, to demand "extra sody" at the cooling fount. Melms had the ground floor then, and lager beer was just coming into vogue, and Americans were beginning to drink it and admit that there was something palatable about it, and Melms' saloon had many a patron from the inky regions above before the days of the pint trade, but not before the advent of the "growler." Well do I mind me how "improper" it was for minors to be seen in Melms' at any time except on those warm noontides when despatched thither with a dime and one of those little brown glass flagons in which German wines were imported in the old, old days; for thrifty housewives up along the breezy bluffs had learned the soothing and sustaining qualities of lager when it came fresh and cool. Therefore did it happen that to the admonition to keep in the shade going and coming there was now added,—now that the steam engine had come,—"and don't you stop at the Sentinel office."

Perhaps that admonition would have come anyway as a necessary sequence of the steam engine, for mechanical effects had ever a fascination for the first born of the editor-in-chief as well as for several of his juvenile friends who could get into that press room—and concomitant mischief and printers' ink—only through the mediation and guidance of the eldest hope aforementioned. People wonder why the name of Printer's Devil is applied to the juveniles with smutty faces and bedaubed aprons who hang about the press rooms now, and the only wonder that I have is that printers could apply any other name to the predatory small boys who occasionally raided the job office in the days gone by. Yet we couldn't keep away! Even choleric old Mr.

H. B. Aldrich.

W. A. Friese.

Corbett—who chased one of our gang into the river the day we upset a keg of printers' ink and sent a tarry stream a-billowing over the floor and down through the rope holes of the old-fashioned "lift" upon the stacks of cardboard and bales of paper in the room below,—even old Mr. Corbett had no real terrors for us as compared with the joys of contemplating such complicated machinery, and cracking hickory nuts unbeknownst to him in the slow revolving cog-wheels. The engineer was a genial soul and had some proper appreciation of boys, not all he might have had, perhaps, because he did rebuke a future United States Senator for giving an extra pull to the throttle and suddenly doubling the speed of every wheel in the floor, to the dismay of the operators and the manifest disturbance of the walls. But he didn't mind our worrying Corbett in the least. Then there was one awful day when most of the hands had gone out to dinner, or were to have gone out, and we had been waiting for their departure to enter and do some printing on our own account. Two of us had opened a kite shop and we needed a sign board, and another had started a candy and cigar stand across the street from where we lived and had been promised a printed schedule of his wares in exchange for a prepaid portion thereof, and Corbett, once so ready to print anything or everything for that eldest hope, had tired of his trade and not only refused to lend his own hands after the episode of the capsized keg, but had forbidden his "hands" to lend theirs, and the only way to escape defalcation was to do the job ourselves. Even in those days the proprietor of "Jim's Store," now a shining light in a firm whose name is as long as his first business title was short, was possessed of a legal mind. He knew where most of his cigars came from—and so did I—though the editor-in-chief

didn't until some time later, and we knew that if that printed schedule were not forthcoming coercive measures might be resorted to. When Corbett went to dinner and the engine slowed down for the noon hour the press room was often deserted by all but one or two semi-sympathetic souls upon whom we could rely to set up the necessary wooden type, provided we promised to "set up" an equivalent. We had been watching the premises and killing time at the river bank behind, and the devil, always finding mischief for idle hands to do, had placed there a long stack of pig iron, belonging, it was discovered later, to a hardware store close at hand. One of our number made the accidental discovery that one of those pigs dropped over the edge of the dock made a famous splash, and in the course of the next ten minutes, encouraged by the smiles of a communistic citizen lolling, out of work and elbows, over the railing of the Spring Street bridge, we derived much exercise and comfort from heaving over pig after pig until half the stack was gone. But still Corbett seemed to stick to his work. Then it came the owner's turn to get exercised, if not comforted, for he rushed out of the basement, where now dry goods and hardware are no longer dispensed, and pounced on our party with a rawhide and then on the proprietor of the Sentinel with a bill. It was an easy matter for three agile Milwaukee urchins to escape the rawhide and take refuge among the dark and inky stairways of the Sentinel.

Later we were busily at work in the composing room under the tutelage of a gifted young printer, who made a gallant soldier later on, and "Jim's Store's" schedule of prices was well nigh ready for the press when the editor came in with that bill in one hand and a stick in the other—not a composing stick. This was forty years ago, but I recall it as though it

Victor L. Berger.

W. A. Bowdish.

were yesterday. That hour marks the initial point of the process of alienation which has gone uninterruptedly on,—the breach between the Press and me began when I was barely ten.

Yet life in the grimy old office was not, as perhaps it might justly have been, associated solely with spanking machines. Sunshine penetrated even there, and smiles were radiant when the circus and other showmen came around. They used to have their printing done of local practitioners in those good old times and often paid for it in tickets—big stacks of tickets,—and never in a life of fifty summers have I known the smiles of such popularity as surrounded the son of the Sentinel for two successive seasons at the First Ward school. Spalding & Rogers, Signor Blitz, North's Menagerie, Christy's Minstrels, all had their posters and programmes from our job room, and a kind-hearted foreman, sympathizing with the sorrows of the youngster, forbidden henceforth to enter its sacred precincts, more than once shoved a little pile of tickets into his willing palm and sent him off to school full tilt, a boy to be envied and fawned upon and flattered until the shows and the tickets were gone.

Then the public school system, though young, was efficient. Ever since his coming to the infant city in '45 the editor had thrown himself *con amore* into every public enterprise. Editors nowadays are presumed to do quite enough when they give undivided attention to the elevation of mankind or the running down of contemporaries, but the editor of those days headed every scheme—and subscription—that could be suggested for public weal or private benefit, foremanned the engine company, generaled the militia (and uniformed not a few of its officers), chairmanned every reception committee, dined every new arrival, lobbied the legislature,

floor-managed every fireman's ball, regent-ed long years the University, superintended the public schools and filled pretty much every office in the gift of the people that had not a salary attached to it. It is true that after having served without a cent of pay for nearly fourteen years as superintendent of schools, having examined the teachers, performed all the clerical work and furnished the stationery out of the Sentinel office, a grateful people did enact that hereafter that incomparable official should receive an annual compensation of some two thousand dollars; but before he had enjoyed these fruits of his labors a twelve-month the discovery was made by a Democratic council that this important office had now been held by one of the opposing political faith for more than fourteen years and it was high time for their side to be recognized,—which recognition was promptly accorded at the next election.

The manifold functions of the head of the Sentinel had not diverted his attention from the great political questions of the day. The torchlight procession in honor of old "Rough and Ready" and the illumination (with candles) of half the windows in Milwaukee had their inspiration within the wooden walls of the old sanctum. The banner of Scott and Graham was flung to the breeze from its first flagstaff, and on the death of Whiggism the principles of the Republican party were first expounded to the Northwest through the columns of the growing sheet. Well do I remember the grand procession of flag-bearers started from the Sentinel office on that dismal November day that did *not* result in the choice of Fremont and Dayton. The editor had provided big white cloth banners, each lettered in huge characters with some appropriate device. "Fremont and Dayton" said the first flag, "Fremont and Free Speech" said the

Thompson Mulholland.

V. J. Schoenecker.

next, "Fremont and Free Press" a third. There were two dozen in all, and two dozen young Republicans were marshaled to bear them through the streets, the exile of the composing room at their head. One block we marched into the bowels of the land and the direction of the Third Ward—a hapless choice,—for at Michigan Street we encountered a patriot of opposing political convictions and perhaps twelve summers. He was of the class described in our dialect as Micks, a resident of an aggressive district, and no Sentinel inspired aggregation could pass unchallenged. The bearer of the foremost banner thought he had the right of way, and the patriot landed on his chubby jaw forthwith, leaving on one side the impress of a dirty but determined fist, while the mud of Michigan Street defiled the other. The outrage occurred within full view of an attache of a rival sheet, and he seemed to find it funny. Even getting knocked down for the Sentinel did not entitle one, in those days, to the undivided sympathy of the populace.

But there were two features in the journalism of the time in which I can proudly claim to have borne a hand and served an apprenticeship that should entitle me to some recognition in the Guild. The mailing room was then a corner of the main office. Wrappers, paste and pen and ink were on one end of a table, a stack of Sentinels on the other, and many's the time the mailing clerk has farmed out much of his job to the little squad that trailed in with me, hoping to earn half a dime to invest in peanuts. A desk mate at school was one of the carriers, and many a summer's morn has seen us through the old First Ward pelting doorways with tightly rolled Sentinels for projectiles. And this, too, came to an untimely end, for once in a while a window would be left open on summer nights, and it was so much better to fire the

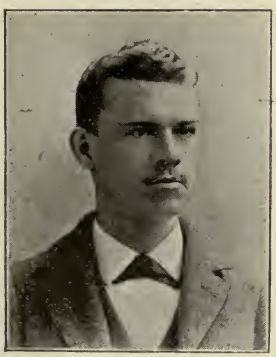
paper through that,—the owner was so much surer of his morning bulletin, especially, as once happened when a near neighbor received a flying billet in his face, and appeared forthwith at the window in an abbreviated garment and a towering rage. Again my efforts at forwarding the circulation of the Sentinel met with discouragement, for he, too, complained to the editor and I came in for another—paragraph.

In fact—not until the organization of the Press Club and the institution of its dinners has my connection with the profession been of unmixed benefit either to myself or its patrons, but the mists of the past bring no damper to the gladness and the sunshine of the present, the memories of the old tribulations never mar the glad associations of the day. Out from the legends and traditions of the old times in the old office I gather over and again the reminiscence of many a kind word and deed. Through the dust of years I see the cheery faces and over the ring and bustle of the crowded streets I hear the echo of beloved voices long since stilled. Glancing about our board I see in many a face a look that tells me that here, too, is one who well recalls the men and memories of those bygone days, and who turns from the contemplation of the old life only the more keenly to appreciate and value the friendships and the fellowships that, engendered here, surround and bless the new.

CHARLES KING.

Frank Barry.

"George."



Scudday Richardson.

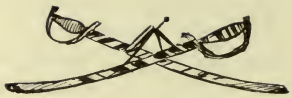
To Scudday Richardson

On reading his sonnet entitled, "The Press Club."
(See page 26.)

THESE were but curios, bizarre at best,
To vulgar visions (such is mine, I own),
Suggesting only some ephemeral jest,
Unspoke, save to my inner self alone—
Till Scudd'y, one night at his frugal snack,
Wrote, say, a dozen lines upon his knee,
Which snatched them from the realm of bric-a-brac
And made their meaning clear as day to me.
Much then I marveled at this sapient youth,
Who, munching his unbuttered bun the while,
Could thus discern and phrase a solemn truth
Where I had only found—vain thing!—a smile.

If inspiration comes from eating "hoppin,"
Great Scott! let's eat and eat 'em without stoppin'.

MATHER D. KIMBALL.



The Milwaukee Sentinel

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1865

SCUTTLED HIS STEAMER

JAPE GEO. M'LEOD SAVES THE LUMBER'S COFFIN CARGO.

SPOT ABOUND IN THE STORM ON LAKE ST. JOE.

The Story That Almost Sounds Worth 10 Cents per Line Would Have Been the Present but Two Days Before Having Arrived—The Lumber at Chicago and Not Insured by Lake Marine.

But three days ago in the steamer London, and a number of passengers were from Port au Persons and of the perilous trip in the most graphic manner.

Port Huron, Mich., May 14.—The steamer London, and a number of passengers were from Port au Persons and of the perilous trip in the most graphic manner.

Shortly after 10 o'clock last night the steamer was moored to the wharf at this city, and the passengers were landed. The steamer was then taken to the dock, and the cargo of lumber was discharged. The steamer was then taken to the dock, and the cargo of lumber was discharged. The steamer was then taken to the dock, and the cargo of lumber was discharged.

HEARD SEVERAL TO ADOPTED.

The Assistant Secretary to Give Succinct Information Concerning Pensions.

Washington, D. C., May 14.—Assistant Secretary Dana is prepared to respond promptly to all applications for information concerning pensions.

The Pension Department, under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, has been established for the purpose of giving information concerning pensions.

The Secretary of the Interior has been established for the purpose of giving information concerning pensions.

ANOTHER FROST BITE

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS ARE BADLY DAMAGED.

HEAVY SNOW FARR ON FOR SOUTH ADAMS TOWNS.

Gardens in Many Places Will Be Abandoned, but the Fruits have Escaped Serious Injury—Reports Received, and Some Grocery Prices for Nearly Every Section of the County.

Reports received in The Sentinel from the correspondents in most parts of the county indicate greater damage than in the previous night of last week. It is now evident that the frost was the worst in the memory of the oldest inhabitants, especially in many of the low lands. Gardens in many places will be abandoned, and in fact all vegetables and in fact all vegetables were destroyed to be so near. Fruits, however, have not been damaged to any extent, especially in many of the low lands. Gardens in many places will be abandoned, and in fact all vegetables and in fact all vegetables were destroyed to be so near.

PREPARE FOR PYTHIANS

FIVE VETERANS COMING WITH THE GRAND LODGE.

Local Committees Arranging for Their Welcome.

Largest Gathering of Knights of Pythias Since the Ist Issued Our Charter—Many Will Come Under Auto-mobile—Business Men Prepare a Banquet.

Local knights of the Knights of Pythias are arranging for the entertainment of the representatives of the Wisconsin Grand Lodge, which will be in session in this city June 1-3. Committees from the Wisconsin Lodge in Milwaukee visited Milwaukee last night and made a preparation for the event. The lodge is the largest gathering of Pythians ever held in this city. The lodge will be in the city June 1-3. Committees from the Wisconsin Lodge in Milwaukee visited Milwaukee last night and made a preparation for the event. The lodge is the largest gathering of Pythians ever held in this city.

SEVEN WAS KILLED.

A Terrible Boiler Explosion in a Iron Works Instant.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 14.—By the explosion of a boiler in a rolling mill at Etna there have been two men killed and seven others injured, two of whom have since died. The names of those killed are as follows:

Peter Shaw, Jacob Smith, John O'Connor.

A BIG FIRE IN DETROIT.

Starting in the Trade of the Detroit Lumber Company.

Detroit, Mich., May 14.—A big fire is raging, as messages to the office of the Detroit Lumber company. The fire that is in the trade of the Detroit Lumber company.

M'KEEFE DECLARED TRUE.

Preachers A. M. and Lose Their Great Northern Jobs.

A. M. McKeefe, who was arrested for a drunk on a train last, and who was let off on the Grand Avenue car, was declared true by the Great Northern Railroad company. He was let off on the Grand Avenue car, and was declared true by the Great Northern Railroad company.

GOT STARS IN A FAMINE

Broadcasting a Lethal Storm Count Through Wisconsin.

Fatalities 2 or 3 May 14.—Many have suffered a long famine in the country of Wisconsin, and the famine is the worst in the history of the state. The famine is the worst in the history of the state. The famine is the worst in the history of the state.

GRAINMOUT ADVANCES WORKS.

Gluten Feed Cancelled and Increase of Wages Follows.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 14.—The Iron and Steel Workers' Association of the Pittsburg district, which has been in existence for the past two years, has announced that it will increase the wages of its members. The increase will be effective on the 1st of June, and will be as follows: [illegible]

THE GREATEST DRY DOCK FILL.

Passed by Congress—Will Cost Over $1,000,000.

Chicago, May 14.—The greatest dock fill ever passed by congress was passed by the House of Representatives yesterday. It is known as the Chicago Dry Dock fill, and will cost over $1,000,000. The fill will be made by the Chicago Dry Dock company, and will be completed in [illegible]

THE MIRADA STRIKE.

Switch Men Now Trade Nothing to Do With It.

Detroit, May 14.—The Grand Trunk Railway Switchmen's Protective Association, which has been in existence for the past two years, has announced that it will increase the wages of its members. The increase will be effective on the 1st of June, and will be as follows: [illegible]

THE WEATHER BULLETIN.

Instructions Received, With Reports to Chicago Postponed.

The weather bulletin announcing that [illegible]

RACING HERE IN JUNE

IT TRACES CLOSE AT CHICAGO A MEETING IS PROBABLE.

HAWTHORNE'S SHOP BUYER NOT ON HIS BOOKS.

Secretary Charles Lemmon to Discuss Plans, and There Are Private Tracks Available—Secretary of Racing at Chicago Announces the Proper Date—The Secretary to Receive Entries Permanently Next Week—Improvements to be Issued Soon.

Chicago, May 14.—The Three-Eyed Club of Chicago's last race course was to be at Milwaukee. The Five Commissioners of Chicago's last race course was to be at the racing of the latter sort, and the impression would take place on the 1st of June. Under the circumstances the Board management has been considering the matter of the race course, and it is understood that the race course will be at the [illegible]

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The weather bulletin announcing that [illegible]

The Evening Wisconsin.

VOLUME XLVIII—NO. 246. MILWAUKEE, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1895—5 O'CLOCK. THREE CENTS.

CHANGE WARD LINES.

Scheme on Foot to Make Grand Street a Boundary of the Third Ward.

EFFORT TO PASS DODGE'S BILL.

PROTESTS ARE FILED.

The Collection of the Income Tax to be Vigorously Fought in Milwaukee.

WOES OF COLLECTOR MURPHY.

GOVERNMENT'S VIEW.

PERRY IS IN JAIL.

A PASSIVE BLOCKADE.

Great Britain will be Careful Not to Interfere with Foreign Commerce.

PLANS REGARDING NICARAGUA.

HIS OWN EXECUTIONER.

OIL TAKES A BIG DROP

THE BREAK FINALLY COMES.

NO TREATY WITH ITALY.

LI HUNG CHANG GOES HOME

GREENHUT SUES FOR LIBEL.

AFTER GUATEMALA.

BROUGHT HAYTI TO TERMS.

KILLED HIS SWEETHEART.

DE LOME IS COMING.

CHOCTAWS REVOLT.

SLEEPING CARS BURN.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL.

THIRTEENTH YEAR. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1895. LATEST EDITION.

VETERANS SONS MEET

THE LARGEST ENCAMPMENT EVER HELD IN THE STATE OF WISCONSIN.

GOV. UPHAM IN ATTENDANCE

Gathering of the Prominent Soldiers in Veterans Encampment Assembled in Sturgeon Bay Yesterday.

KEPT IN QUARANTINE

Prosecution on a Charge of Bringing Smallpox to Milwaukee Dismissed.

CHINESE MUST HASTEN

Thousands Have to Pay Up by the Last of May.

LAST BODIES FOUND

Two More Victims of the Fire in Iron Mountain.

MEDALS NEXT FEBRUARY

Women's Relief Corps to Hold Its Convention in Milwaukee.

GERMAN CATHOLICS MEET

Central Verein to Gather in Albany Next Week Thursday.

SPAIN'S TOOL AT THE BASTILLE.

BOND ISSUE UNLIKELY

BANKERS SAY IT'S NOT NEEDED

TEXAS PRIZE FIGHT LAW

WILL RETURN TO WORK.

FATAL FIRE ON A SHIP

BRITISH TEAM BEATEN

THE OPENING GUN

FIGHT OVER THE SALE OF BEER

TO ADVERTISERS.

HALSEY TO HUNSBERGER

TOLL GATE COMPANY SETTLES

A PROCLAMATION ISSUED

SUSAN ANTHONY FAINTS

WATER FOR THE MILLS

THE NEW ORDER ISSUED TODAY

LOW COST OF COAL

Notice to Subscribers..... When Ordering Your Paper Changed Be Sure to Send Your Old Address Along With the New.

Milwaukee Daily News

Notice to Subscribers..... When Ordering Your Paper Changed Be Sure to Send Your Old Address Along With the New.

NINETEENTH VOLUME. MILWAUKEE DAILY NEWS WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17 1895 PRICE ONE CENT.

OWN THEM BODY AND SOUL

JAPAN'S IDEA IS COMMERCIAL

WANT ALD. KUTH TO GET OUT

ARE TAX DODGERS IN THE LEAD?

GOLD BUGS ARE SCARED

URGES WORKERS TO UNITE

DIRECT FROM THE POPE

SUES THE WHISKEY TRUST

REPRIEVED UNTIL MAY 31

MAIL STEAMER BURNED

BOOM IN OIL COLLAPSES

VESTIBULE BILL SIGNED

24 Seiten.

Milwaukee Herold.

Erster Theil. Seiten 1–8.

Jahrgang 41. Sonntag Morgen, den 7. April 1895. Nummer 190.

Der Reichstag in Schwulitäten.

Eine Einigung undenkbar.

Senats-Bills en gros abgethan.

Kurze Sitzungen abgehalten.

Neuigkeiten des Tages.

Das Obergericht hat entschieden.

Zwei Paragraphen gestrichen.

„Der Seebote“
„Banner und Volksfreund“,
Vereinigte Tageblätter

Der Seebote.

„Seebote“ und „Telephon“.

Milwaukee, Mittwoch, 17 April 1895. Erscheint jeden Morgen. Zweiundfünfzigster Jahrgang.—No. 97.

Der Friedensschluß

Hat seine amtliche Bestätigung gefunden

England und Nicaragua.

Maceo noch frei.

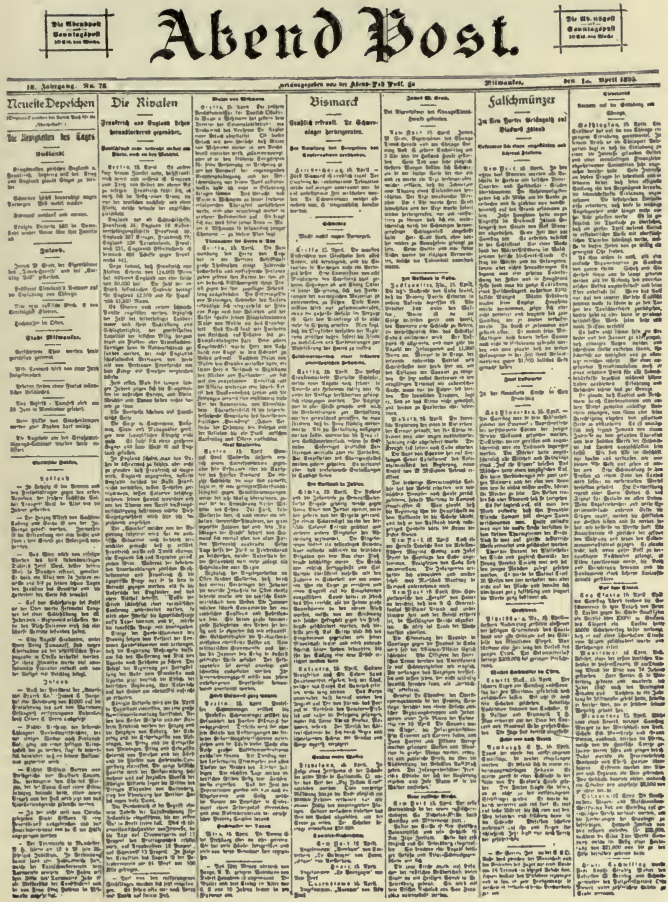
Das Gerücht seiner Gefangennahme nicht bestätigt.

Die Einkommensteuer.

Abgeblitzt.

Der Lustmord

Ein neues Glied in der Kette der Indizien.


Abend Post.

Neueste Depeschen

Die Neuigkeiten des Tages

Die Rivalen

Frankreich und England stehen herausfordernd gegenüber.

Bismarck

James W. Scott.

Falschmünzer

Wisconsin Vorwärts.

14. Jahrgang. | Milwaukee, Freitag, den 26. April 1895 | No. 98

Editorielles.

Ausland.

Vorbereitungen für Eröffnung des Nord-Ostsee-Kanals.

Der Mörder Dr. Rothziegel's in Wien zum Tode verurtheilt.

Inland.

Furchtbare Wald-Brände im Staate Wisconsin.

Ausstand von 7000 Grubenarbeitern bevorstehend.

Aus Chicago.

Der Lithograph Fred Roß macht seinem Leben ein Ende.

Er hat sich eine Kugel in den Kopf gejagt.

YENOWINE'S NEWS.

VOL. XXI. No. 526. MILWAUKEE, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1895. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A DIRE TRAGEDY AND ITS LESSONS.

The Luscombe-Sanger tragedy of last Saturday night has been the newspaper talk of the past week. It has laid bare so many family skeletons and so much domestic trouble, in its developments from day to day, that people have wondered what would come next. Shortly before midnight last Saturday, Robert Luscombe, ex-city attorney, shot and killed his brother-in-law, Emil Sanger. The two men have not been friendly for a long time and it appears that Sanger has frequently threatened to kill Luscombe and has generally gone heavily armed. Of late he has been abusing his wife and the day before the tragedy he beat and kicked her most brutally. She escaped from her home on Fifteenth street and sought shelter in her father's house on Grand Avenue, about a block away. Saturday evening, the father, S. D. Luscombe, sent for his son Robert and urged him to come armed, as he feared Emil Sanger would make an attempt to forcibly take his wife back to his home. Young Luscombe promptly answered the summons and remained on guard in one of the lower rooms with a shot gun. Toward midnight, Sanger, who was recovering from a spree, came to the house and rapped at a side door for admittance. Robert Luscombe fired through the glass in the door, killing Sanger instantly. He was arrested, given a preliminary examination, released on $10,000 bail and will have his trial next month. A coroner's inquest was held and the verdict recommended that Luscombe be held for homicide. This is the merest outline of an awful tragedy, in which all the parties are well known and are or have been very wealthy people.

There is a marked division of sentiment despite the fact that one would naturally think that Luscombe was justified in killing a man who had repeatedly and openly threatened his life, had beaten and maimed his sister and who was to all intents trying to get into the father's house for the purpose of killing either the son or daughter. The shooting was from his own house, or what is the same thing, from a house where he had been called for protection. Even the dead man's family seemed at first to think he had merited his fate. On the other hand the claim is made that every one knew Sanger to be a bully and coward and that he was incapable of shooting anyone, that he was literally killed from ambush and had no show for his life, that he was unarmed and had a right to enter the house as his wife was in it and that Luscombe could easily have summoned help, as policemen were near at hand. These points will most likely be made the lines of the prosecution and defense. Luscombe's friends, and there is no denying the fact that he is very popular, believe that he will be acquitted of all blame. Others think he will be convicted of at least manslaughter. The prosecution will be vigorously pushed and will be most ably defended by the three or four lawyers who have volunteered their services in Luscombe's behalf. Casper M. Sanger, father of the murdered man, will be present at the trial and will fight the slayer of his favorite son with all of his old time vigor and with plenty of financial resources.

If there is a man in this wide world who deserves pity and sympathy it is Casper M. Sanger. His cup of bitterness has fairly overflowed and he has drained it to the dregs time and again. Eight or nine years ago he was one of Milwaukee's best known and wealthiest citizens. He was worth a million or more, was in a dozen big enterprises, came very near going to congress and was a power in business and politics. Then one trouble after another overwhelmed him. His big mining interests petered out. His great ranch was a failure. Every enterprise in which he was interested failed or his interests were closed out, his big farm in Waukesha was swept away, his fine home near the water works was lost and a little while ago his life insurance of $180,000 was turned over to his creditors. Small-pox entered his family and one or two died, there were other domestic troubles and to add to his already unbearable burdens, one or more of his children turned on him and brought suit against the father on the ground that he was trying to defraud his creditors. Mr. Sanger's family lives on Irving Place, but he has been in California trying to pull together some of his former big mining interests. He is a big fine looking fellow, is about 65 years of age and has lately suffered two slight strokes of apoplexy.

Of the immediate parties to the tragedy there is very little about their careers that has not been printed. Robert Luscombe is a well known young corporation lawyer who was formerly city attorney and was appointed by Mayor Walber, who will probably be the judge of his trial. Twelve years ago he was clandestinely married to a young lady and the fact of their marriage was not made public for some months. A few years ago they separated and the first Mrs. Luscombe is earning a living by clerking in Hoyt's store. Luscombe is living with his present wife in the northwestern part of the city. His sister, Miss Nellie Luscombe, was a very pretty and vivacious young lady and was much courted. She married Frank Germain seven or eight years ago and went with her husband to California where he found employment as chief book-keeper for one of the Sanger mines. There is where she first met Emil Sanger. His attentions caused an estrangement of husband and wife and ultimately a divorce. She returned to Milwaukee and was married to Sanger a year or two ago. About the time of the separation a report reached Milwaukee that young Sanger had eloped with the book-keeper's wife but this story was probably untrue. Mrs. Sanger's married life has been very unhappy. For months he has abused her in every imaginable way and for a week before her brother killed him, had beaten and kicked her almost daily. The dead man was the eldest brother of Walter Sanger, the phenomenal bicycle rider who is now on a professional tour in the South.

NOT SO DANGEROUS AFTER ALL.

Mulligan—"Well if there ain't that bloomin' lunatic horse that went crazy over base-ball"

"If I can reach that gate I'll be safe."

"Gewizen! I'm lost! Murder! Murder!"

Lunatic—"Out on the first."

PROPOSED NEW STATE.

Plan Suggested for Readjusting a Part of the Nation.

Should the scheme to create a new State out of counties now in northern Minnesota and northern Wisconsin and the whole of the upper peninsula of Michigan be carried out, the resultant Commonwealth would embrace a thinly populated territory of more than 40,000 square miles. Minnesota and Michigan would be the chief contributors of territory. The population of the northern peninsula of Michigan was, according to the last census, something over 115,000, and then rapidly increasing. The other scraps from Wisconsin and Minnesota have a population of over 200,000, so that the proposed State would have, upon the basis of the last census over 315,000 inhabitants if the shadowy notions of the scheme are to be trusted.

One Dressing Room For All.

At a social gathering not long ago Roland Reed told this story on Tom Davis. It seems probable that Davis must have been out with "The Stowaway" at the time the incident occurred. It was at Fargo, Dakota. Davis got into town ahead of the company and proceeded to size up the situation. He found that the manager of the Grand Opera House was proprietor of the principal hotel, keeper of store and ran through the bar. He did not seem to be much of a theatrical manager, however. Davis got him to unlock the theater and then examined it. It was dingy, dusty and dirty but Davis thought he could cut out a few of the ships from his "paper," paste them on the wall and make a fair showing. Finally he asked to look at the dressing rooms. One small room was shown him.

"Is that all you have got?" asked Davis.

"Yes."

"Well do you expect all the members of my company to dress in one room?" demanded Davis indignantly.

"Why not?" was the reply. "Don't they speak to each other?"

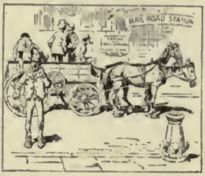
Gold and Silver of Commerce.

Perfectly pure, or, as it is generally called, "fine" gold, is commonly graded as of 24 karats, but the fine gold of commerce consists only of about 23½ or 22¾ karats. Fine gold being much too soft for ordinary wear, it is alloyed down by the use of silver, copper and oreide or brass, to seven and possible as low as six karats. Eighteen-karat gold is about as fine a grade as is used in the manufacture of jewelry. To produce 18-karat gold five penny-weights or six karats of alloy and eighteen karats of pure gold. Hence, its name of 18-karat gold, and thus it is in all the different grades, from 24 karat fine down to six karats. The number of the karat signifies the amount of pure gold, and the difference between that number and twenty-four shows the number of parts of alloy. As for silver, the best quality, as nearly every one knows, is called sterling and the word sterling should signify that any article upon which it is stamped is composed of 925 parts of pure silver to seventy-five parts of alloy. There is a law in most of the States making it a criminal offense to stamp an article "sterling" unless it is positively 825-1000 fine, and so at least when you buy anything stamped sterling it is now pretty sure to be as represented.

Abridged History of a Courtship.

Met him—met him again—in love with him. Met him again—no longer in love with him, but he is in love with me because I am so beautiful. Met him again—he is still in love with me, not only because I am so beautiful, but because I am also good. Sorry for him. Again I met him—he is colder than he was. Think he has forgotten my beauty and my goodness. I, however, am inclined to think that I am in love with him after all. How lucky he is, and how angry mamma will be. Mamma proved to be strangely pleased. Makes me angry for I know she is not a good judge of a young girl's heart. Flirted with him outrageously to make mamma angry—didn't succeed. Engaged to him—glad. Married to him—sorry.

PLAYING IT ON PRESIDENT KILLILEA.



Driver—"All aboard for th' new base-ball grounds at Milwaukee Park. Ride out an' git patent view o' de game fer ten cents. All aboard!"

And this shows how it was accomplished.

OVERHEARD ON WHITEFISH BAY ROAD.

She—"I much prefer a dress for bicycle riding."
He—"Why then do you wear bloomers?"
She—"So that I can ride my brother's bicycle."

"Has George taken any steps toward marrying Miss East Side?"
"Yes indeed, they take the front steps from 8 to 12 every mild evening."

Halstead's Rose Colored Glasses.

Forecasting the political future, Murat Halstead predicts that a Republican president will be elected in 1896, that there will be no free coinage of silver in this or any other country not now on a silver basis; that greenbacks will not be retired, that there will be no state bank currency; that the word "gold" will not be put into United States bonds; that Hawaii will be annexed, and that we will consider the claims of Cuba and Newfoundland to come in. Our money will be as good as gold, and will be abundant. This is truly a rosy outlook.

It is called "betrothal" now, instead of engagement.

GREATEST DESCRIPTIVE WRITER

Julian Ralph, of the Harper Publications, in Milwaukee.

Julian Ralph, of the editorial staff of Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, is spending a few days in Milwaukee gathering material for a series of articles on the great Northwest. Mr. Ralph is a charming gentleman and one of the most versatile and accomplished writers on the American press.

He was for twenty years one of the most valued members of the New York Sun, and has for six or eight years been a constant contributor to the Century, Scribner's and the Harper publications. He has the reputation of being the finest descriptive writer in the country and he is the author of three or four very interesting books. Mr. Ralph recently made a flying trip to China and Japan for the Harper's and he writes and talks most entertainingly of his experiences during the early days of the war between these countries. Mr. Ralph is accompanied by Eugene Field and Horace Fletcher, of New Orleans, and the three gentlemen will remain in the city over Sunday.

BIG TIME PROMISED.

Louisville Preparing for the G. A. R. Encampment in September.

Hundreds of Milwaukeeans are preparing to attend the G. A. R. encampment at Louisville next September. Gov. Upham with a party of friends will go to Louisville in a private car and a special train made up entirely of Wisconsin people will start from this city. Word comes from Louisville that elaborate plans are being made to entertain the visitors. The amusement committee of the G. A. R. encampment, which met at the headquarters on Main street last Wednesday evening for the first time, has begun work in earnest. James B. Camp was chosen chairman and J. P. Simmons, secretary. The object of this committee will be to furnish amusements for the visitors after the G. A. R. parade and exercises are over. Mr. Camp selected chairmen for the different amusements, which will consist of a bicycle parade, fire-works, big colored concert, barbecue and cake walk. The Satellites of Mercury will be prevailed upon to give a big parade. All the committeemen are very enthusiastic and hard workers and will endeavor to give the visitors one of the best times they have ever had at an encampment. Meetings will be held from time to time when each chairman will submit the progress of his work. The citizens of Louisville will lend every possible aid to this feature of the encampment, as these features will have a tendency to keep a number of the visitors for three or four days longer than they might otherwise remain.

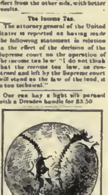
A Startling Sign.

An absent-minded sign painter painted a street window—from the inside—the other day, and passers-by were somewhat amused, as well as puzzled to read this unique sign "SDOOG TEW." The saloonkeeper soothed the workman with bock beer, and then the painter tried the effect from the other side, with better results.

The Income Tax.

The attorney general of the United States is reported as having made the following statement in relation to the effect of the decision of the Supreme court on the operation of the income tax law: "I do not think that the income tax law, as construed and left by the Supreme court will stand as the law of the land, it is too technical."

One can buy a light silk parasol with a Dresden handle for $3.50.



AN OLD BUMMER.

The Milwaukee Telegraph.

VOL. 33: NO. 21. THE MILWAUKEE TELEGRAPH, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1895. PRICE 5 CENTS.

MADISON.

Needed Protection For Veterans.

A Chairman for The Republican Committee.

An Interesting Batch of Gossip Emanating At Madison—Adjournment Close by.

[illegible]

SHORT AND GOSSIPY BITS.

[illegible]

A BATTLE'S GREAT WORK.

[illegible]

"LOVELY WOMAN."

[illegible]

OLD TIMES.

An Early Day Contest Over Land.

The Old Time Theaters And Actors.

How the Big Boys Had Fun With Brother Webber—The Doctor and the Baby's Back.

[illegible]

A LAWYER

Story, with Plot and Incidents,

Located Right Here in Milwaukee.

Striking Situations Graphically Described by a Milwaukee Writer of Note.

[illegible]

AND
SATURDAY STAR.

CITY AND STATE EDITION.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A., APRIL 13, 1895.

FIVE CENTS.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

TO MAKE YOU LAUGH.

WE HOLD THE LINES OVER THEM ALL

CIRCUS LEMONADE

AN INNOCENT.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY

AT THE CAT SHOW

AN APRIL FOOL.

FASHION'S FOLLIES.

SAVING UP

AT EASTER TIME

THE FOOLISH POET

A LITTLE BLUNDER.

Tommy: "Jerry, what has yer went and did to der dawg?"

Jerry: "I've got him ready for der dawg show."

Tommy: "Aw, go on! Dat dawg won't take no prize. He's a jack of all breeds and master of none."

Jerry: "Dere, dat's de point! I'm going to enter Gladstone (dat's his name) as a all round dawg. So if dere's any class with no entries, dis dawg swipes de prize, see?"

THE AMERICAN
School Board Journal

Vol X NEW YORK, CHICAGO MILWAUKEE, APRIL, 1895 No 4

JULIUS CÆSAR EDUCATIONALIZED

THE MODERN ROMAN SENATE "COMMITTEE OF FIFTEEN."

Marcus Antonius (*School Board*) — Oh, pardon me, thou patient prey of ambitious men,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.— *JULIUS CÆSAR, Act III, Scene I.*

(The report of the Committee of Fifteen submitted at the meeting of Superintendents, held at Cleveland, proposes that the School Boards in cities be reduced to a "bureau of clerks" and the Superintendents elevated to supreme power, to have the authority to employ and dismiss teachers at will, adopt or drop text books at their pleasure, and, in fact, become the "Czars" over the American public school system.)

Roster of Members.

Active.

AIKENS, A. J.
ALDRICH, H. B.
ANDERSON, W. J.
ANDREWS, THOS. S.
BANNEN, JAMES.
BLEYER, HERMAN.
BLEYER, JULIUS.
BOWDISH, W. A.
BRAUN, HERMAN.
BRUCE, W. G.
BERGER, VICTOR L.
BARRY, FRANK.
CAMPBELL, H. C.
CRAMER, WILLIAM E.
CRAMER, JNO. F.
COLEMAN, E. W.
CURTIS, S. M.
COLBURN, OTIS.
DINGWALL, A. W.
DEUSTER, OSCAR.
DANKOLER, H. S.
DOUGHERTY, FRED.
DOUGLAS, M. C.
DUNLOP, W. S.
EMERSON, C. W.
EVERETT, WINTER.
FRIESE, F. W.
FRIESE, A. W.
GARRISON, JAMES.
GREGORY, JOHN G.
HOYT, M. A.
HOOKER, W. F.
HANNAN, JOHN J.
HARBACK, F. M.
KRACKOWIZER, E. W.
KING, CHARLES.
KEENE, FRANK.
KERR, GEORGE F.
LEGLER, H. E.
LUSH, C. K.
MARKLE, FRANK.
MYRICK, H. P.
M'INTOSH, M. E.
MALKOFF, M. D.
MULHOLLAND, THOMPSON.
M'MANUS, JOS. D.
NEUSSE, GEO. C.
POLLOCK, W. W.
PECK, GEO. W.
PECK, GEO. W., JR.
PUTNAM, FRANK.
POPPENDIECK, JOHN, JR.
RUBLEE, HORACE.
RUBLEE, W. A.
REMY, O. E.
RICHARDSON, SCUDDAY.
STARKEY, D. B.
SCHINDLER, J. J.
SCHOENECKER, V. J.
SCHILLING, ROBERT.
SCHNITZLER, J. J.
TREAT, C. M.
TOFFT, A. J.
UNDERWOOD, H. G.
WATROUS, J. A.
WALTHALL, W. T., JR.
WOLF, JOHN R.
WATROUS, R. B.
YENOWINE, GEO. H.

Associate.

BOOTH, W. A.
CAMPSIE, JOHN W.
ELDRIDGE, E. C.
HOWARD, SAMUEL.
KIMBALL, M. D.
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